THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. 59. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879. $2.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 8.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

O, they were lovers tried and true
In spring or autumn weather;
The sun that shone, the winds that blew
Bound still their hearts together.
But he—alas, why will men change?
Forgot—and more's the pity,
Discarded his first love, to wed
A lady from the city.

Ah! she was fair with frizzled hair
Was wondrous sweet and wise,
With dainty feet and dainty hands
And brilliant deep black eyes,
Could dance divinely, flirt a fan
And say with blissful ease,
"You naughty man, take care! take care!
There now don't kiss me, please."

And he—well he, like other men
Was happy—drat the sinner;
Until he found his wife could not
Cook him a decent dinner.
Then he began to fret and scold,
Cast many an angry slur
And wish in dreams by day and night
He had'nt married her.

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ENTERTAINMENTS had not been frequent at Chandos Royal during the last eighteen years; increasing age and infirmities made Sir Randal prefer a quiet life and Duke had not inherited the Devereux love of splendor. He lived almost entirely in the country—hunted, rode, fished, and took keen interest in the breeding of cattle, and similar agricultural pursuits. The famed and princely hospitalities of Chandos Royal were a thing of the past, and the issuing of cards for a grand fancy ball at the ancient mansion was a source of wonderment to the surrounding gentry.

Whatever the Devereux did they did well. Sir Randal had given his permission for the ball and full powers to his cousin, and she, in her element, took advantage of the liberty given.

The grounds were illuminated; the saloons were a glow of softened light, and on every side the eye was delighted with the glitter of silver, the gleam of snowy marble, the vivid beauty of varied colors, and the senses steeped in the breath of flowers and Eastern perfumes. The vast conservatories were like the fairy palace of some Persian tale; and when, just before the guests arrived, Lady Constance insisted on Vivian's surveying the scene, she received all that was needed to make her perfectly happy in the unqualified approval of his fastidious judgment.

"There is nothing lacking," she said, smiling, "but the blaze of female beauty, without which even this would in time, pall."

"And that," rejoined Lady Constance, "will soon be supplied. There will be plenty to choose from to night. I wonder whom you will select as the Queen of Beauty?"

Vivian laughed.

"Perhaps the one you might admire least, cousin. Here comes Florrie—Marie Stuart, by Jove, and a bonnie Queen of Scots she makes!"

And he turned to greet pretty Florence Morton.

Carriage after carriage now began to arrive, bringing the guests from the surrounding country, those who had come from London, or any considerable distance, having been guests in the house for the previous two or three days, and, as the immense suite of apartments rapidly filled with the throng of guests, dressed in the costumes of all ages and countries, the scene was one of dazzling splendor, upon which Vivian's eyes, that hated to look at aught that wanted beauty, dwelt with unmixed pleasure.

He himself, among an assemblage from whom men of striking exterior had been selected, stood unapproached. The costume he had chosen—from no vanity, but a sympathy, dating from his boyhood, with the character—of Byron's Giaour, was admirably adapted to his rare beauty.

"He is a personification," said Lord Borradaile, "of the character. Devereux"—as Vivian approached the group of which the speaker formed one—"where is your brother and who is he?"

"The first question I cannot answer, most noble Gloucester,"—for Lord Borradaile wore the garb of that ill starred prince—"but to the second I can reply that he has become Henry VIII."

"My faith, what a character for Duke Devereux!"

Percy Everest, dressed well as Louis XI, standing near, half turned to catch Vivian's reply, but it was somewhat enigmatical.

"I wonder what costumes we should each wear if we appeared in our true characters, Borradaile. But who enters now?"

They paused. There was a movement towards the door, and the intervening crowd hid from Vivian and his companion the new arrivals; but the quick ear of the former caught the name announced, and he turned, half laughing, to Florrie Morton, who had joined their group.

"It is Vera Calderon," he said. "I heard the announcement."

At that moment Lady Constance approached:

"Vivian, come and be introduced to Miss Calderon; and, if you don't admire her, I give you up. She is superb! Where is Duke? I have been looking for him."

"I have not," said Vivian. "I have been better occupied."

"She looks like a Spaniard—Miss Calderon, I mean," pursued Lady Constance, as they crossed the room—"and she is splendidly dressed—some Eastern costume. You will know; I did not think to ask her."

The little crowd of people that had already gathered round Miss Calderon gave way, and Vivian could hardly restrain an involuntary start as his eyes fell on the graceful figure on which sparkling jewels flashed a thousand scintillating rays as she turned round Leila! the fair sweetheart of Giaour in the poem.

He heard the murmur that ran through the throng at this strange accidental conjunction, as he saw a faint tinge of color flit over the face of the girl, but she was thoroughly accustomed to society, and betrayed no embarrassment as she went through the introduction.

Report had done her no more than justice when it called her remarkably handsome.

Vivian saw a tall, graceful form, full of supple Southern grace, a face of a perfect oval, a soft dark complexion, a broad, grave brow, the eyebrows straight and exquisitely pencilled; and beneath them, veiled by lashes that touched her cheek when the eyelids drooped, her large black eyes, clear and luminous—Spanish eyes—shone with liquid fire. Over the girl's noble-balanced head the silky hair clustered in a mass of "blue-black" curls, the drooping fringe on the forehead tending to intensify the expression of the eye. She had a clear and rich contralto voice, and an accent not precisely foreign, but like that of a person who rarely speaks English. The voice was in harmony with the eyes; both were strangely haunting.

Vivian instinctively compared father and daughter. There was no likeness between them. Arthur Calderon was barely above the middle height, a good-looking, not a handsome man, very dark, and with a sombre settled gloom that could not fail to strike the most superficial observer. He wore the costume of a Spanish grandee—almost entirely of black velvet—and his manner had a certain abruptness wholly differing from his daughter's half-Eastern suavity.

Dancing now began. Florrie was whirled away by a cavalier of the Venetian Republic. Lady Constance Morton, just before her partner claimed her, found time to whisper to Vivian.

"Have you decided yet? Who is the belle?"

He answered "Leila," and passed to the side of a young Duchess, his first partner to-night, a belle, but a pearl to a sapphire beside Vera Calderon.

Where was she? Vivian saw his brother's stalwart form where the group of courtiers was thickest, and Duke Devereux was leading out Vera Calderon, and she was saying something as they stood by waiting for the band to begin—something that made Duke's brow contract, and his eyes glance hastily in the direction of Vivian. What had angered him? Perhaps the girl's frank speech—a speech that an English-trained "miss" would never have uttered:

"Yes, Mr. Devereux; your cousin introduced your brother to me, and I am so glad to have met him. I heard something of his Oxford career even in my wanderings; and he will be famous in Parliament. I wish I could hear his maiden speech."

"Perhaps he could get you admitted into the little cage for ladies," answered Duke, biting his lips.

Duke was not a good dancer: but his partner danced with the ease and grace of a Spanish girl, and by her skill tided over many a difficulty.

The dance concluded, Duke, at his partner's request, led her to her father.

"Well," he said, smiling a little, but the smile passed quickly, "your partner is not a brilliant dancer."

"And I do not like him, father."

"And the brother—the Giaour?"

"He is wonderfully handsome, and I like his face," said Vera; and two or three who had been approaching fell back."

"Miss Calderon, will you honor me?"

"With pleasure," the girl smiled.

The band struck up; and the girl gave Vivian her hand. It was an ordinary action. Many a time a soft hand had been placed in his. What was there in the touch of this one which thrilled through him, making his pulse bound with a throb that would have been wholly happiness, but for a vague sense of pain, of a dim nameless foreboding, that made him look at her again, not with any definite thought, but only with an instinctive attempt to find something in her face to account for that vague impression.

She had glanced back towards her father, with a look of fear—or was it dread?—in her eyes; but, as Devereux moved forward, she turned her head again and glanced up into his face, and then, meeting her full for a second, he saw something more than he had been able to read before—something weird and troubled, something that made him feel, though he did not at the moment put the thought into words, that they had a strange capacity for expressing dread.

The next moment they were among the dancers "observed of all observers."

"Well matched at last," said Lord Borradaile in the hearing of Duke Devereux. "By Jove, what a witching face that Leila has! I say, Devereux"—turning to Duke—"Is it a prophecy?"

"Pooh," answered Duke, though he flushed, "I should be very sorry for any girl that mistook Vivian's flirtations for anything. He knows the whole gamut of the business, and strikes the right keynote for peasant or lady, and in the first case, at any rate, means nothing."

"Meaning or no," said Lord Borradaile, resenting the last part of this speech, "I wouldn't have him for a rival."

He went away; and Duke still watched his brother and Vera Calderon, watched them, casting with unconscious hands, amid light and music and flowers, and merry throngs of revellers, the threads of a web the color of which would be red like blood.

CHAPTER V.

THE dance was over and Vera and Vivian paused by one of the open casements.

"Shall we go out?" she said presently. "Hark! I can hear the sea so distinctly. You have a glorious heritage—you of the House of Devereux," said Vera, as they passed towards the farther end of the terrace. "I shall ask you some day to let me go over the house, especially the picture-galleries."

"We shall be only too happy if you will do so; and do not let it be 'some day'—that is too vague."

"To-morrow, or the day after," said Vera, smiling. "And you can answer for your father?"

"You wrong him by the question, fair Lelia. He is old and infirm, and so never joins in such scenes as this; but he will gladly give you permission; and my brother will——"

He noticed a quick pained contraction of Vera's brow, and at that moment a huge form sprang forward into the moonlight and crouched with a joyous whine at Vivian's feet.

Vera did not cry out or shrink back. She clasped her hands with an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, what a beautiful dog!" she said, and stooped to caress him, passing her soft hands over the animal's head; and Alba, who had certainly no friendly feeling for Duke, waved his tail in wild delight, and looked up into the girl's beautiful face with eyes full of intelligence.

"You are the first young lady," said Vivian, looking on, well pleased at the scene, "who has not trembled before my Cuban friend."

"I have never known a dog to growl at me," returned Vera, dropping upon one knee and embracing Alba's head, and laying her velvet cheek against him.

They were among the trees; around them was deep gloom, and above them the branches rustled softly as the light breeze passed through them with a ghostly whisper.

Both stood silent. Vera's eyes had grown sad and dreamy; and Vivian watched her as she stood. Again that thrill shot through him as at the first touch of her hand—not now with the vague foreboding; but the pain was there—the pain of a sudden thought that dazzled and scorched like a flash of lightning. And yet he had almost spoken to stir her from that dream which he had watched with feelings that he did not attempt to analyse, when she started and turned to him abruptly:

"Listen!" she said softly. "Surely I heard a step?"

"Nay," answered Vivian, smiling, as he bent forward a little to note the effect of his words, "surely memory was playing you false, Miss Calderon, and only completing the dream?"

"It was not a dream—not of the past," said the girl, in the same tone, still listening, "I do not know what I was thinking of just now, Mr. Devereux. It was a real step I heard, or fancied I heard. You should have a quick ear. I wonder that you heard nothing."

"My eyes, I am afraid, fair Lelia, dulled my ears."

"It is a pity," the girl replied readily, "that they did not dull your tongue too. The Giaour had few of the flowers of speech, but you have more than enough."

There was everything in Vivian Devereux to prove attractive to a character like hers; his very faults appealed to her sympathy, and his soft sweet voice, his manner, so harmoniously blending chivalrous devotion with the manifest recognition of an intelligence above mere ball-room nonsense, could not fail to win. But that night she had heard it said that Vivian Devereux had been, and still was, very wild. It was hinted that he overstepped the bounds which even men of the world allow to a young man. She heard that his reckless career had grieved his brother and well nigh broken his father's heart—that his own proceedings had driven him from his father's roof; and yet she was happy in the society of this profligate with his "fatal gift of beauty." Was she dazzled into forgetting all these things that should have stripped the gilt from the statue and showed it to be poor clay indeed, or did she doubt the truth of what she heard? Could Vivian Devereux's rare gifts blind even this girl's eyes to his real character?

Vivian and his companion had passed out from the shadow of the trees into a broad glade; the full tide of moonlight poured in solemn splendor upon them as they paused;

and not twenty feet from them stood a figure as little in keeping with the picturesque surroundings as they, with their youth and beauty and gorgeous dresses, accorded with them. It was that of an old woman, wearing a long brown cloak, the hood of which was drawn so as to conceal her face, while her hand, grasping a stick, was also concealed in the folds of her mantle.

The form and aspect struck Vivian as familiar, and even as he said, in a whisper, to his companion, "She is a stranger—she has no right to be here," he recognized the woman who on the day of his arrival had spurned his silver. At the same moment, as if to anticipate any command to leave the grounds, the woman spoke.

"I am a trespasser," she said, without moving. "Yes, I know it; but I can't do much harm—can I?—not half so much as you can do, Vivian Chandos-Devereux. I hoped I might see you—though I did not come for that—and Arthur Calderon's daughter. What made you," she added, turning abruptly to Vera, and pointing towards her, "choose to dress as Leila while he is the Giaour?"

"Come, come, grandam," began Vivian sternly, while Vera shrank back instinctively, but the woman remained motionless.

"You will not lay hands on me, Mr. Devereux," she said coolly; "you are courtly, gentle; 'let no man lay hands on a woman for my sake.' Yes, you are knightly, princely—oh, yours is a noble race, and you are the prince of them all—in genius, in beauty, in all the graces that win hearts to break them! But you have the full measure of accursed pride, and it shall be dragged in the dust!" she cried, stamping her foot with fierce anger of tone and manner. "You believe me mad," she added more calmly, "and so does this child; but you will both recall my words one day—not far distant. Your future—at least in part—was told the day you were born, Vivian Devereux:

> "'Full moon and high sea,
> Great man shalt thou be;
> Red, dawning, stormy sky,
> Bloody death shalt thou die.'"

"No, no!" said Vera, under her breath.

The old woman laughed a harsh, hard laugh.

Vivian stepped close up to her and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"I would not," he said, so sternly that she shrank from him, bold though she was, "be unmerciful to the vilest of your sex; but sane or mad, wronged or simply an impostor, you will do well to leave this place at once, or you will find that you have presumed too far upon my forbearance."

"Shall I?" she cried, shaking herself free, and speaking in a voice trembling with passion. "I am no impostor; but I must speak what burns within me. Look at her there now, bound up with your destiny. Was it chance—mere chance that made you dress like this and she like Leila?"

"Who are you that speak like this?" said Devereux.

Vera, who had not heard what the stranger said, her muttering voice being half lost in the folds of her hood, caught Devereux's question, and came nearer, wondering.

The woman half turned to her again.

"She has weird, haunting eyes," she said slowly, "that should look out over a dreary waste—eyes meant to express regret, despair, all depths of misery. Poor child! I pity you, poor Leila! But I have no pity for you, Vivian Devereux—I pity none of the blood of Chandos Devereux!"

She spoke the last words menacingly, and was turning away, Vivian being momentarily held silent by a very tumult of emotion that stirred within him, when a deep, bell-like note—the voice of the bloodhound—rang through the wood, and Alba's huge form sprang into the moonlit glade, and paused at Vivian's side, waiting only the word to spring, his tail lashing the ground, his eyes glaring at the intruder, his deep low growl quivering through the glittering row of terrible teeth.

The woman started violently, in extreme terror, but recovered herself as Vivian said quietly and a little scornfully:

"Have no fear, grandam. You have not spared me or mine to night; but it is not the custom of Chandos Devereux to set bloodhounds even on beggars and tramps—much less on ladies. Adieu, madam."

The woman made no answer. She drew her mantle still closer round her and hurried away towards the cliff; in another moment the thick grove that skirted the glade effectually concealed her.

Vivian turned to his young companion; she was deadly white, but had regained her self possession during the diversion caused by the dog.

"We must go back to the lawn," she said; "they will miss us. How, I wonder, did that woman obtain entrance to the grounds?"

"There is no barrier," Vivian answered, "between this glade and the park, and there is more than one place where she could have got through the park palings. Miss Calderon"—he bent down as he walked by her side, speaking very earnestly—"you will guess how much I regret this *contretemps*, in which I have not, to my knowledge, any real part or lot."

"It was not your fault—how should it be? Please say no more," she answered in a low hurried tone. "The woman is distraught. Perhaps she is to be pitied rather than blamed."

They reached the lawn. The company were returning to the ball room, and Vivian handed his companion over to her partner, a young earl, who was quite smitten with the belle of the evening.

Vivian himself escaped from the ball room and sauntered out on to the terrace; but he shrank from reflection just now, knowing that he would not be suffered to remain alone; and so was turning back into the saloon again, when he heard some one ask where Duke Devereux was. Between Vera Calderon and Maggie Tredegar lay a wide gulf for thought to span; but the simple question brought before Vivian's mind the image of the pretty farmer's daughter who was to be somewhere about that night "to see the grand doings."

"Poor little Maggie!" he said to himself; and he went round to a room where refreshments were served, and where he thought it likely Maggie Tredegar might be.

There were several loungers in the room; and there, sure enough, at one of the tables, stood Maggie, a pretty Cornish girl of about twenty, in the most jaunty of costumes, and Duke Devereux was standing by the table talking to her, while Maggie smiled and blushed and smiled again. Every one looked round as Vivian came. Maggie amongst the number; and she nearly dropped an ice in her astonishment and delight.

"Oh, here's Mr. Vivian!" she exclaimed, in an excited undertone. "Oh, he do look handsome, Mr. Duke, don't he? And what a beautiful dress!"

"Never mind him, Maggie," said Duke, biting his lip and with so black a frown that the girl looked half frightened. "I didn't see you in church last Sunday; where were you, you?"

"Oh, father wanted me—I couldn't come!" answered the girl, pouting, her eyes wandering again to the graceful Giaour. "But I was there in the evenin'."

"Well, well——"

Whatever Duke was going to say was cut short by Vivian's approach.

"Ah, Maggie," he said, as the girl curtseyed low, with sparkling eyes—and he did not appear even to glance at Duke—"you have not belied the promise of your childhood! Are all at home as well—they cannot be all as bonnie—as you are. Duke, I thought you were engaged to Miss Calderon for the next quadrille? They will be forming in two minutes."

"So I am," answered Duke. "Good-night, Maggie. Are you coming along, Vivian?"

"Presently," said Vivian leisurely; and Duke went out slowly.

Maggie pouted, and looked after him covertly.

"Miss Calderon is that beautiful lady I saw in the beautiful dress, isn't she?" inquired she, trying to speak unconcernedly.

Vivian glanced at her keenly. Maggie knew perfectly well which was Miss Calderon.

"Yes," said the young man coldly, and paused a moment, watching her. Then he went forward, and said quietly:

"Think of the song you used to sing 'The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,' Maggie, and think of your home."

He turned away at once, leaving poor little Maggie with heart and mind in a whirl, and went back to the ball room. He had been "cruel to be kind." Would the poor moth hovering round the candle take flight through the window opened for its escape, or still circle round and round, nearer and nearer, till it fell, burnt and withered, in its beauty and its folly?

CHAPTER VI.

VERA CALDERON and her father were driving back through the rosy dawn to Temple Rest. The girl leaned back in the corner among the luxurious cushions, and her eyes looked out dreamily over the sea.

It was perhaps characteristic of her temperament that her mind lingered with a feeling of foreboding she could not shake off on the prophetic threats of the woman who was certainly not what she assumed to be. Why had she spoken so bitterly to Vivian Devereux? Was it true that he had been born at that mysterious conjunction of the elements? Vera clasped her hands together involuntarily and drew a quick breath at the thought. How his voice still lingered in her ear, and his beauty and genius charmed her! Duke had paid her marked attention, but from him she shrank inwardly, in intense aversion; to others she was indifferent. But Vivian Devereux was not a man to whom any one could be indifferent, much less one whose character, whose genius, were so much in harmony with her own.

The carriage had entered the park when Arthur Calderon spoke abruptly.

"Vera, you were much with Marmaduke Devereux to-night—and you do not like him?"

"No," answered Vera.

"Why? You are not like most women—you have reasons for your likes and dislikes."

"He has to me," said Vera, "a forbidding face; the mouth is false, the brow heavy and sullen, the eyes have a flickering light, the voice is not harsh, but it wants music; moreover, he is unjust to his brother."

"Take care, Vera. Vivian might deceive the wisest into taking his part. If some things I hear are true, Duke has at least some excuse."

They were at home now, and the door was drawn back as Vera ran lightly up the broad steps into the hall, into which the morning light streamed broadly.

A pretty gray eyed Irishwoman of perhaps forty came forward with the familiar, but still respectful air of a favored servant.

"Och, dear Miss Vera, and you're airly, not late!" she said, smiling.

"Aileen, you should have gone to bed," replied the girl reproachfully.

"Faith an' I had some sleep; but I wanted to see you come back, missie. Will you be afther sleepin', Miss Vera?"

"No, no," she replied. "I shall keep to my old habit—a bath and a run in the morning air."

"Very well, dear. Masther, plase, there's a letter for you. I put it on the morning-room table. It didn't come by the post; wan of the footmen—James, it was—brought it in, and says a boy give it to him, and said he was to be sure and give it to the masther, and he run off."

"Strange!" said Calderon, looking surprised. "Did the boy say who the note was from?"

"He didn't give James time to ask him, sir, and James don't know him. A fisher-boy he seemed."

"Some begging letter, I suppose," said Calderon, frowning, and he turned into the morning-room.

Vera followed him, not from curiosity, but some of the events of that night had inclined her to feel nervous about trifles.

A letter lay on the centre table. Calderon took it up carelessly; but the instant his eyes rested on the address his face grew livid; he stood for a second as if paralyzed, and then, with a stifled cry, fell forward upon his knees by the table, hiding his features in his hands, which still convulsively grasped the letter.

Vera sprang to his side, wondering, pained inwardly, but outwardly calm.

"'Father," she said, bending over him, "look up; speak to me! What is it?"

He seemed racked by an agony that shook him like a reed and palsied his tongue, for he tried to speak, but the words died unformed in his throat. At length, lifting his head a little, he pointed to the door.

But Vera did not move.

"I cannot leave you like this," she said gently. "Dear father, if I may not help you, if I can do nothing, let me stay with you till you are better."

"No, no," gasped Calderon; "go—leave me. I am not ill—I need no help. Leave me, Vera. I must be alone."

The girl turned slowly. She moved to the door, opened it, looked back, and her father again, by an imperative gesture, commanded her to leave him.

The girl went round to him, and kneeling down, kissed his hand; then she went out as he had bidden her, and ascended to her own apartments.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was four days after the ball; the Londoners had all departed, Florrie Morton among them. Lady Constance and Everest still remained; but for their presence Duke would perhaps have made it impossible for his brother to continue under the same roof with him.

Vivian hated quarreling, as being both vulgar and fatiguing, and never began a quarrel; but he certainly never tried the panacea of a soft answer.

It was early in the afternoon, and Lady Constance sat on the terrace under an awning, knitting. Vivian in light gray suit and flowing tie carelessly knotted after his usual fashion, lounged by her side in a low chair, and was reading aloud.

The climax was approaching, Vivian had turned the page when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and Duke Devereux rode up to the terrace steps, shouted imperiously to a groom, to whom, when he ran forward, he flung the reins, and then came up the steps.

"Dear me!" said Lady Constance impatiently, half aloud.

Vivian dropped the book, and leaned his head back against the crimson cushion.

"Do I interrupt some love poem?" asked Duke, approaching, and leaning on the back of a garden-chair close by.

"Well, yes," Vivian answered languidly; "but cousin Constance is the person most concerned. You only interrupted a foolish courtship."

"Foolish!" cried Lady Constance. "Oh, Vivian, I think it is so romantic, so interesting!"

"The Lord of Burleigh with sexes reversed," said Vivian. "She stoops to woo a man beneath her."

"Well, but then it isn't real life in either case."

"No," said Vivian slowly, "Of course in real life the Lord of Burleigh wouldn't have been such a fool."

"For shame, Vivian Devereux!" cried Lady Constance, who always took everything seriously.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, cousin."

"We judge of meanings very much by those who speak," observed Duke.

"Very well put. What book did you get that from; or have you been in some elevating society lately?"

"Yes," answered Duke, "and very agreeable society to boot." And turning away from Vivian, he added, "I met Miss Calderon, riding alone—odd isn't it? We rode some miles together. By Jove, she is a perfect witch!"

This speech, though true enough, was for Vivian's benefit; but Vivian had taken up the book again and was reading with an absolutely unrevealing face.

"Take care, Duke," cried maladroit Lady Constance—"don't lose your heart to that Spanish beauty."

"Why not?" asked Duke hastily, flushing hotly.

"Oh, I don't know! I was only joking. But you might fail to win her—that is all."

She could not resist glancing at Vivian as she spoke, and Duke bit his lip under his heavy moustache. It caused him a fierce pang to have his brother's superior claims thus thrust upon his notice.

"Some people," he said, his fingers clutching nervously at the handle of his riding-whip, "especially girls, prefer show and glitter to substance—Apollo before Hercules; but I don't fancy Hercules would brook interference from Apollo."

Lady Constance looked bewildered. She never could comprehend metaphor.

Vivian lifted his eyes; there was a tinge of surprise, a tinge of amusement, in their clear depths as they met his brother's, and he smiled.

"I thought you had almost forgotten your heathen mythology," he said, suppressing a yawn, "but you have evidently remembered something of it. You have left out the third party in the parable, though—the goddess."

"Vivian, what do you mean?" exclaimed Lady Constance. "You are enigmatical."

"'Words, words, words!'" quoted Vivian, rising. "Cousin, since Duke is here, you can spare me. *Au revoir.*"

He walked away, without again looking at his brother, whistled to Alba, and disappeared round the turn of the terrace. Five minutes later they saw him riding down the drive.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW SLATE PENCILS ARE MADE.

BROKEN slate from the slate quarries is put in a mortar run by steam, and pounded into small particles. Thence it goes into the hopper of a mill, which runs into a "bolting machine," such as are used in flouring mills, where it is "bolted," the fine, almost impalpable flour that results being taken to a mixing tub where a small quantity of steatite flour similarly manufactured is added, together with other materials, the whole being made into a stiff dough. This dough is kneaded thoroughly by passing it several times between iron rollers. Thence it is conveyed to a table where it is made into "charges"—that is, short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing eight to twelve pounds each. Four of these are placed in a strong iron chamber or "retort," with a changeable nozzle so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure, under which the composition is pushed through the nozzle in a long cord, like a slender snake out of a hole and passes over a sloping table, slit at right angles with the cords to give passage to a knife which cuts them into lengths. They are then laid on boards to dry, and after a few hours are removed to sheets of corrugated zinc, the corrugations serving to prevent the pencils from warping during the process of baking, to which they are next subjected in a kiln, into which superheated steam is introduced in pipes, the temperature being regulated according to the requirements of the article exposed to its influence. From the kiln the articles go to the finishing room, where the ends are thrust for a second under rapidly-revolving emery wheels, and withdrawn neatly and smoothly pointed ready for use. They are then packed in pasteboard boxes, each containing one hundred pencils, and these boxes in turn are packed for shipment in wooden boxes, containing one hundred each, or ten thousand pencils in a shipping box. Nearly all the work is done by boys, and the cost therefore is slight.

Mr. R. M. Hooley, the negro minstrel, recalls with interest the good old days of 1845 when he travelled through the West as a "nigger singer." Then the wadrobe of a minstrel consisted of a checked shirt, a checked pair of trousers and a wig. Each man carried his wardrobe in a bandana handkerchief, and his entire baggage was lugged about in a small leather bag. In those days a fifty dollar house was immense. The salaries of the performers averaged $30 a month, and the daily expenses of a company seldom exceeded $25.

REST.

BY A. E. S.

God gave to man the earth all fair and glowing,
Rich with sweet flowers and fruits, and lofty trees,
And grassy vales, their pleasant shades bestowing,
And thymy downs to greet the summer breeze.

God gave to man the sky, all star-bespangled,
His diamond footprints on the purple height,
Changeless in beauty, through their maze entangled,
To guide the way-worn wanderer aright.

God gave to man his nature's noble presence,
His stately form and heaven directed soul,
His comprehensive mind and deathless essence,
And bade all things acknowledge his control.

God gave to man his home's unbought affection,
Where eyes of love his answering glance may meet;
Blest in fruition of his heart's selection,
Gladly he homeward turns his weary feet.

God upon man all kindly gifts hath lavished,
Save one, the dearly sought for and the best,
With fairest signs and sounds each sense hath ravished,
Yet here in vain may man demand for rest.

He finds it not in shady glades reposing,
He finds it not the starry heavens among,
Nor even when, his home around him closing,
He lists at sunset to his children's song.

God keeps back rest alone, that the world-weary,
E'en though his cup high mantles to the brim,
Or though his fate be desolate and dreary,
May seek and find repose alone in Him!

The Hermit.

BY S. S. L.

"SWORDS and helmets! what kind of a nest have we stumbled upon here?" cried a jovial voice.

At that moment armed man appeared at the open door of a small hermitage on a projecting ledge of the Appenine Mountains.

"What now, rude soldier? Why dost thou thus uncourteously disturb the quiet of one who has given up earth and all its vanities?" said the hermit Ludovico Doria, in a voice of great sanctity. "Or if it must be, enter and rest yourself on this rough bench, and tell me why you are here. Let your companions stay without for, in good sooth, my poor hermitage will hold but few persons with comfort."

The *cavaliere* readily complied with this invitation, and Ludovico resumed the conversation as follows:

"And now let me ask, why you are up here so near the Apennines?"

"As you seem to be a worthy man, I will tell you the cause of my being here. I am in the honorable service of the Florentine republic, and I am now leading some bold and merry fellows to subdue a stronghold perched up here in the mountains, held by Castruco. But what care we of the Condottieri? to go to battle is to go to victory."

"Not always, not always, doughty sir; hirelings are not invariably the most valiant," returned Doria, sarcastically. "I used to be acquainted with a gasconading Condottiero, called Francesco Vargas, but who withal, was of gentle descent and possessed of many good qualities," added Doria, with a smile.

"Ha!" said the soldier; "your voice begins to have a familiar sound. Look up that I may see your face. By the mass! it is the noble Ludovico Doria. A strange meeting, this. In the name of my patron saint I ask you what has brought you to this singular life?" rejoined Francesco, greatly astonished.

"The tale is too long to relate in detail, Sir Vargas, but I am tired of the world, sated with its pleasures, and——"

"Disappointed in love."

"You are not altogether wrong, friend Francesco, nor yet quite right but tell me how you expect to take the castle of Castruco."

"By stratagem—for I have too much regard for the lives of my men to trust myself too near; and it is said that Castruco is cruel to the last degree. But I have heard that the fierce lord of Castruco has a handsome daughter."

"By our lady! you talk at random. What has that to do with storming the castle?"

"Much, for I will first lay siege to the fair one's heart. When I have stormed that, it will be comparatively easy to get possession of the castle. I shall take Castruco by singing love songs under the walls, fingering a guitar, winking with my eyes, and by the repetition of certain studied speeches. I shall conceal my men near the castle, and then undertake this notable adventure like a sentimental troubadour, with song and guitar. So adieu, most abstemious ascetic, and be sure to hand a plentiful supply of this choice of the generous vine."

Francesco Vargas left the hermitage, and Doria soon heard him, with his followers, riding away with as much haste as the uneven and rocky ground would permit.

Ludovico sat musing a long time after his former companion in arms had gone. When Francesco unfolded his villainous plan it was with difficulty that he could suppress his rising indignation, inasmuch as he considered such a course of action beneath an Italian cavalier.

While he was still meditating on the baseness of Vargas there came a light and timid knock at the door.

"Enter," said Ludovico.

The door was hesitatingly pushed open, and a female figure, whose features were concealed by a veil that reached to her waist, was visible.

Doria fixed his eyes upon this interesting object with a long look of surprise, from which he was aroused to a sense of his rudeness by the sound of a silvery voice.

"Devout hermit, my waiting woman has had a fall from her horse, and I have intruded upon your meditations to ask your assistance," she said.

"Call it not an intrusion, gentle lady—it is my calling to do good; I will hasten to the aid of the sufferer. Where is she?" asked Ludovico.

"Not far, signor hermit—at your door almost."

Doria hurried to assist the servant woman into his dwelling, and to offer such aid as his means afforded. Fortunately she was more frightened than hurt, and a little wine and a few assuring words soon calmed her fears.

"I imagined," said the lady, after a pause, "that I beheld near your door marks indicating that quite a body of horsemen had recently passed along. Tell me hermit, am I right?"

"Yes, signorita," replied Doria, quite enchanted with the musical voice, and greatly desiring to have a glimpse of the lips that gave it form.

"And might I ask whither they are going? It appears to me there is small hope of spoil in these parts."

"To storm some castle in these mountains, I trow, lady."

"Castruco's, I'll wager!" exclaimed the maiden, lightly.

"I never meddle with the matters—but I will not gainsay you, nor accept your wager," said Ludovico with a smile.

"Another question, most austere hermit. Who leads this adventure?"

"A rattle brained Condottiero—one Francesco Vargas."

"Has he an unprepossessing face, an awkward person, and much vanity?"

"Faith, lady, you have hit it!"

"Perhaps he has a smooth tongue; such ugly coxcombs are wont," resumed the maiden.

"Smooth and flattering, fair donzella."

"Pardon me, meditative signor, but will he not rather trust to his arms in this enterprise, think you?"

"Most likely—I doubt it not."

"I thank you for your courtesy, good recluse. I will remember your kindness," said the lady, and she departed.

By some species of magic the deportment of the veiled female had called up the remembrance of his own lost love—an unknown nun whom he had seen in the streets of the city of Florence, followed to a chapel, and then lost sight of in the crowd. His former passion seemed to revive and concentrate on the unknown donzella. He gazed after her until she was lost to view in the mountains, and then sighed that he could see her no longer.

On the afternoon of the next day, towards evening, he threw aside his simple habit, dressed himself like a minstrel, and taking his guitar, issued from his quiet seclusion and directed his steps towards the mountains. His design he scarcely knew himself, but inaction made him wretched, and so he resolved to seek some adventure.

After walking for a considerable time he drew near a castle far up a mountain, reared upon a gigantic rock. Doria stood and gazed at the castle for several minutes, fully persuaded that it belonged to one of those nobles obnoxious to the Florentine republic. While absorbed in these reflections he saw a person scrambling up the mountain in a manner in which it had, probably, seldom been scaled.

"That must be Francesco," said Ludovico, to himself "and this unquestionably is the castle of Castruco."

Remembering the soldier's boast he resolved to wait.

He was not fated to wait long for the expected serenade of Francesco. Soon a gentle prelude on a guitar was wafted to his attentive ears; then the player grew bolder and strummed more energetically, and finally accompanied his instrument with his voice.

The wily cavalier had ceased, and lo! the lattice was opened and a female face revealed; but whether the features were fair Doria could not tell, the distance being so great and the moon so pale.

The indignation of our knight can hardly be conceived when he beheld a postern opened by the fair one's own hand to admit the false Vargas; and this was done only after a faint show of maiden coyness.

Full of angry and jealous feelings, Ludovico at first resolved to walk back to the hermitage and take no further interest in one so unworthy of his thoughts; but his thoughts changed before he had proceeded ten paces. It came to him then, he knew not how, that doubtless Francesco Vargas had only been admitted that he might be made a prisoner.

With this belief the hermit returned to his lonely home.

The ensuing morning a man of advanced age and venerable aspect stopped at his door and asked for a draught of water.

Doria hastened to offer him not only water but wine, so struck was he with his honest countenance and his respectful tone.

"In whose service may you be, worthy signor?" said Ludovico.

"I have been in the service of the Castrucos, father and son, for twenty years," rejoined the old man. "Ah, sir, you little know the changes that have taken place there. Sad is the day in which I say it, but Castruco sleeps in the family vault with his ancestors."

"You surprise me; how long has he been dead?"

"For these two months or more—but we have kept it a secret that the terror which his name inspired in the past may still be our protection."

"And who made the gallant defence when the castle was attacked a few weeks ago by a strong party of Condottieri?"

"His only daughter—Fidelia—the fairest maiden that was ever endowed with castle and lands."

"But why does she does not wed, that she may have an arm to defend her rights?" asked Doria, earnestly.

"That is a delicate point, good recluse, and you should ask her that question yourself. But this very morning she made a vow to the Virgin that she would offer her hand to any knight who would make good her castle against the unjust aggressions of the Florentine republic."

"Said she so?" exclaimed Ludovico, starting to his feet. "One more question before you go—I wish to be admitted to the castle and provided with a suit of your late master's armor. Be not deceived by appearances. I can do my devoir right well on horseback or on foot, with battle axe or with martel, with sword or with lance."

Something in Doria's manner awed the old servitor into silence and he led the way up the path of the mountain, while the hermit followed.

The parties at length reached the grim portal of the castle, and a few words between the castle and the men at arms within, were admitted, and the massive gate closed behind them with a harsh and grating sound.

"A poor place, by my troth, for muttering monks and effeminate hermits!" said a stout retainer, casting contemptuous glances at Ludovico.

"It seems to me but poor policy to admit such fellows when there are so many traitors abroad," added another.

"Be content," continued a third, "for those who pass the portal in season like this go not out again; on this our orders are strict, you know."

Without heeding these significant remarks, Doria pursued his way to the armory preceeded by the old man.

Once in the armory, Doria quickly donned the harness of a steel-clad warrior, and no longer looked nor acted the hermit. Closing his visor so that his features could not be seen, he repaired immediately to the walls and battlements to see what arrangements had been made for defence.

At sight of him, the Florentines outside, alarmed at the absence of their leader, commenced a most furious attack, which greatly intimidated many of the defenders.

At that crisis the beautiful Fidelia appeared on the battlements, exhorting the men at arms, squires and knights to courage and perseverance. Instantly Ludovico identified her with the lovely nun whose charms had so stormed his heart at Florence.

Sinking on one knee at her feet, he swore to defend her castle or perish in the attempt. Calling on his men to follow him he rushed from the sally-ports so unexpectedly on the besiegers that they fled in dismay.

"Unknown knight," she said, "thou hast not disgraced my father's armor. Unhelm, that I may behold the countenance of my noble defender."

He obeyed, and the mistress of Castruco blushed with pleasure when she beheld the countenance of Ludovico the hermit.

"Fair lady, I am called Ludovico Doria—a name known in Italy and never linked with dishonor," replied the knight proudly.

This onset saved the castle; the besiegers retired discomfited, leaving our hero to receive from the lips of the Lady Fidelia words of acknowledgement and thanks.

Subsequent events proved that Signor Doria had either sued or "commanded" to excellent effect; for before many months had elapsed he was the acknowledged lord of Castruco, with one of the fairest brides in Italy; and through Vargas he made an honorable compromise with the Florentine republic.

Six daughters of Peter Siple, of Ferrisburg, Vt., average 217 pounds each, and his entire family of eight weighs 1,762 pounds.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

FACE POWDERING.—About the middle of the last century powder for the face was used in such quantities that the Parliament of Paris declared the practice of employing flour for its preparation to be one of the causes which brought about the scarcity of food, while patches and rouge were as fashionable as ever. From this epoch, too, dates the introduction of the umbrella, the original form of which was the Oriental parasol held by pages over the heads of the great ladies when they went out on foot. The parasol could not be closed, but in 1768 it was modified into its present form.

THE PASSION FLOWER.—When the Spaniards discovered South America, they saw amongst other plants new to them, a climbing shrub, having from two to three fruit-bearing flowers unlike any they had ever seen. One day a priest was preaching to the Peruvians or aboriginal inhabitants amidst the wild scenery of their native forest; his eye suddenly glanced at this curious flower which hung in festoons from the trees over head, and, like St. Patrick with the Shamrock, he saw with the eye of a saint its use for his purposes. He thereupon illustrated by its means the story of the Cross and thus the Passion Flower was first introduced to the world.

AMPHITHEATRES.—Amphitheatres were vast erections in the Roman Empire to amuse, or rather brutalize, the people, and qualify them for military life by the exhibition of murderous contests between gladiators and wild beasts. They were of an elliptical form, and adapted for thousands of spectators, to whom carnage was made a pastime. They were invented by Julius Cæsar and Curio. Augustus caused them to be erected everywhere. In the reign of Tiberius one fell, by which 50 000 persons were killed or wounded. Vespasian built the first of stone, the vast Colosseum for 100 000 spectators. Its longest diameter is 615 feet and the other 510 covering five and a half acres, and being 120 feet high.

STUPID "SURVIVALS."—In queer lower social strata are "survivals" of the thoughts and customs of centuries long gone by, changed a little as to outward form and expression, but in essentials just as of old. There are thousands of people now who know no more difference between astronomy and astrology than their ancestors of 400 years ago. White witches are yet to be found in places, and gypsies everywhere that a silver spoon is to be picked up. More than this, the present Astronomer Royal of England, like Flamsteed, who lived a century and a half before him, is besieged with requests to find lost linen and spoons, to "take the stars off" a favorite son who has a strange knack of losing his watch when he goes to market to "fix the planets" for a pet daughter, or to find the whereabouts of stolen property. This shows how many believe that the chief use of knowledge of the past is to predict the future.

A ZULU BATTLE FIELD.—A writer, speaking of a recent South African battle says in many places the ground was thickly strewn with the dying and the dead Zulus. In the place where they made their final stand, they lay across each other in some places to a depth of five and six. Some of the slain savages presented a grotesque sight, which under other circumstances might have drawn a laugh from the ranks. Here lay a young man, whose only clothing was a lady's crinoline of bright scarlet, which he had donned for the adornment of his stalwart figure, having fastened it round his neck, and stuck his arms through between the bars. A few yards farther off, reclining against the body of a dead horse, sat another dead warrior, his head surmounted by a white dress hat with a deep crape band round it; and within arm's-length of him lay one of his comrades, whose dress, in all likelihood belonged to the original owner of his companion's hat and consisted of a black dress-coat, with dirty paper collar fastened round his neck.

MEAT OF THE ANCIENTS.—The taste of the ancients regarding meat was various. Beef they considered the most substantial food; hence it constituted the chief nourishment of their athletes. Camels and dromedaries' flesh was much esteemed, their heels most especially. Donkey flesh was in high repute; and the wild ass, brought from Africa, was compared to venison. The hog and the wild boar appear to have been held in great estimation. Their mode of killing swine was as refined in barbarity as in epicurism. The gravid sow was actually tramped to death to form a delicious mass fit for the gods. At other times pigs were slaughtered with red hot grills, that the blood might not be lost. Stuffing a pig with asafœtida and various small animals was a luxury called "porcus Trojanus;" alluding, no doubt, to the warriors who were concealed in the Trojan horse. Young bears, dogs and foxes (the latter more esteemed when fed upon grapes) were also much admired by the Romans, who were also so fond of various birds that some consular families assumed the names of those they most esteemed. They drowned fowl in Falernian wine, to render them more luscious and tender.

THE BOATMAN.

BY S. E. C.

A maiden sits in a tiny bark,
Singing so sweetly;
The boatman he is grim and dark,
Rowing so fleetly.

The stream is narrow, the banks are fair:
"Rest thee, good master."
Idle her longing, vain her prayer,
He rows the faster.

Anon, they float on a river wide,
A mighty river.
Instead of flowers by the water-side,
Pale aspens quiver.

And lo, a woman where sat the maid
Who sang so sweetly;
The boatman, grim and undismayed,
Still rowing fleetly.

On and on, till they reach the sea
That flows forever.
And drift away on the ocean free,
Returning never.

And vain it is for earthly eye
To follow thither;
And vainly mortal tongue may cry,
"Gone—whither, whither?"

Hearts or Coronets.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "THE CURSE OF CARRGWYN," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

DOLLY'S deft fingers soon produced the protecting ensign. Her pale cheeks glowed over her work. To Dolly the Prussians meant Max—and Max ——Oh, how Dolly's heart pined and ached for one glimpse of him, one word from his lips to tell her that he was safe, one glance to show her that the hard work and grim sights of the campaign had healed the wound for which he had sought the desperate remedy.

But that wound was not one to be healed, even by such remedies. It would bleed and throb and spoil his life—perhaps to the end. This was Dolly's second thought, for time, or something, had brought her experience, and Dolly was not to be deceived now. She sighed a long deep sigh as she sewed her red and blue strips on the white canvas.

"You would rather go to England?"

A voice close at hand startled her. Dolly had forgotten that she was not alone. Lord Mountjoy was standing looking down upon her.

"You would rather go to England, Miss Peveril?" he repeated eagerly. "It can be done—it must be done—for Barbara's own sake; I will urge it on her."

"I am not the judge of what is best for Lady Barbara," Dolly answered coldly; "but for myself, Lord Mountjoy, this is the place I prefer in all the world."

"But you cannot dream—it is impossible to think of the scenes, the risks, which may surround you here. Believe me, it is no place for you. My cousin must not sacrifice you for a whim. The matter is too serious."

"I am not sacrificed," was all that Dolly said.

Lord Mountjoy was used to the curt undemonstrativeness of her tone. He too sighed, a very low, half repressed sigh, as he took his leave. And no one would have guessed that the grave, care laden young man who fought his way so abstractedly through the excited crowd to his hotel was one of fortune's favorites, a happy individual who had lately succeeded to forty thousand a year and a title, and had all the world at his feet. There was a speck in Lord Mountjoy's "heaven of blue" which obscured all the sunshine.

Lady Barbara would not listen to any further argument or persuasion to induce her to leave Paris. She organized her small household—sent her English maid back to England, and replaced her by a French *femme de chambre*. Gregoire took charge of the commissariat—no light task for the days which followed—and served his English mistress with faith and diligent zeal.

Life had an earnest and solemn meaning in that besieged and suffering city which made it worth living, and sore and wounded hearts found work to do which helped to close their own wounds.

For soon there came the awful boom of cannon, fired to kill, and Lady Barbara and Dolly clasped each other hands, and listened with beating but undiscouraged hearts. And after that the two nun-like figures, so different in their personnel, so alike in their courage and devotion, might be seen going daily to and fro to their work at the nearest ambulance, whilst many a French mother and wife stopped to look after the Red Cross on their breasts, and prayed "Heaven bless them!" with moistened eyes as they passed.

But the world outside had faded to a dream to the workers in that shut-up city—all but one figure, which night and day, working or sleeping, filled all the foreground of Dolly's thoughts. Was Max there, outside those besieged walls, unconscious of her neighborhood, so near and yet so distant, on the other side of that deadly line? It made her feel very near to him, as she tended her suffering charges and listened to the story of their dangers and their hardships, and the tendance was none the less careful and tender for the thought that she and Max were together at least in this their work of mercy and love.

One morning, when Lady Barbara and Dolly came to their post as usual, they found fresh beds being put up and a general expectation stirring the ambulance. Important news had come from the front, a sortie was on hand, and new patients were expected to come in in the course of the day. And hardly were the arrangements complete before the melancholy procession began to arrive.

Lord Mountjoy was on service that day with the ambulance wagons; and it was he who helped to bring in and to dispose carefully a poor fellow who was assigned to Dolly.

"He is badly hurt," said Lord Mountjoy, as he finished his task and turned to Dolly. "His arm is broken, and there are other injuries."

Dolly leant over him.

"He has fainted," she said in English, hastening to bathe his forehead and administer restoratives.

The man opened his eyes and stared wildly.

"*Francais*," he murmured. "*Je suis Francais.*"

"It is certain," Dolly answered in the same tongue.

"No English—French!" the man insisted. "I am a Frenchman!"

"Yes—yes," Dolly soothed him; "*mon enfant*, we know."

Therefore, when the poor shattered limb had been amputated, and in the fevered dreams which followed the patient muttered hoarse sentences in English, too good to have been learned in France, Dolly was startled.

She stole around softly to read the name on the man's order for the day.

"Antoine Legrand."

Surely he was French, as he had insisted.

"I tell you it was impossible; the smoke choked me. And it was all up then; and I had not been away ten minutes!" the patient cried, tossing his uninjured arm wildly over the bed-clothes.

Dolly laid her cool, soft hand upon the poor creature's burning forehead.

"It is true," he said opening his eyes with the vacancy of delirium in them, and fixing them on Dolly.

"Yes—yes," she repeated quickly; "it is true."

"You believe me then—it was not my fault?"

"No, it was not your fault," she assented, as he closed his eyes again, and sank into quieter slumber, from which he awoke towards evening, to call, in French, for a drink, and to ask anxiously how long he had slept, and if he had been *bavarde* in his dreams.

It was an imbecile habit which he had, he explained to the nurse, as she held the cup to his lips, and then he added, "*Madame est Anglaise*."

"Yes"—Dolly was careful to answer him in French—"and"—with her sweet smile—"at your service, *Mon pauvre Antoine*."

He was less feverish the next day, and slept more calmly. But, sleeping or waking his English tongue did not return.

Dolly began to think of strange stories she had heard and read of a mysterious power given at times and under certain conditions of nerve and brain, and of which the subject would be perfectly unconscious in his lucid moments. Was it in this irresponsible and unconscious way that Antoine spoke English? She related the remarkable experience to Lady Barbara when the day was over.

"The man probably learnt some English in his youth," Lady Barbara suggested, "and it came back to him in the feverish state; or he may have been a courier, or valet in England, and may be anxious now to assert his nationality."

It was a difficult case; the nerves were so much affected, the doctors said, and Dolly's patience and skill were somewhat severely tried. But the man gave signs of mending at last.

"Nobody but you could have brought him to that "lamb like quiet," the doctor said one day, smiling as he saw the irritable, impracticable patient looking calm and comfortable, propped up on his pillows, and following Dolly's light graceful movements with interested eyes, from which the wild agitation had all vanished.

The sister in charge of the ward was absent that day through illness, and the lady volunteers took her watch by turns. Her place was in the centre of the room, whence she could see all the beds at once; for the curtains were drawn up to give a free current of air through the long room. Dolly, whose turn for rest and refreshment was come, passed out just as Lady Barbara passed in to the sister's place.

Dolly had scarcely gone ten steps from the door, when a shriek, so wild and unnatural that it curled the blood in her veins, arrested her. She hurried back to the ward; the shriek had come from Antoine; the man had sunk down in his bed, his features wer ghastly and working convulsively, his outstretched hands waving back "*la bonne milady*," as the patients called her, who was standing by his beside.

"*Ne me quittes pas*—do not leave me!" he gasped, clutching at Dolly's dress and drawing her towards him, so as to shut out Lady Barbara, who withdrew quickly. "See, the bad dreams come back when you go away! Ah, stay with me for the love of Heaven!" and he held her hand so firmly that she could not have withdrawn it had she wished.

She sat down on the side of the bed, only turning to drop the curtain between him and the other patients, and soothed him like a sick child.

"Sing to me," the man entreated, "one of yu your English psalms, *petite sœur*. It is not that I understand the words," he added quickly, bending his eyes suddenly on Dolly; "but the music, the voice, calms me. That is all.

Dolly sang softly, in her sweet, low voice, softer and softer yet, as the man's eyes closed under the lullaby, and his clasp on her hand gradually relaxed.

"Are you ready, Dolly? Arthur is there, and it is late." It was Lady Barbara's whisper, as she lifted the corner of the screen and looked in. "Poor fellow"—as Dolly laid her finger on her lips—"is he quiet again?"

She stole noiselessly round; the man was lying on his right side, with his face turned away from her; the coverlet was turned down; the masses of dark hair were pushed back from the forehead. The white pain-drawn face was calm and peaceful now in sleep. Lady Barbara stood looking down upon it, struggling with one of those fugitive memories which tantalizes one at times.

"Where have I seen that face before? Who is he like?"

At that same moment the sleeping man stirred uneasily, a spasm passed over his face; it was as if Lady Barbara's gaze exercised a disturbing influence over him. He threw out his hand, clasped as if in supplication.

"My lady," he said in English, "forgive me. Do not punish me. I have suffered *Mon Dieu*, how I have suffered!"

"English again!" Dolly turned to Lady Barbara.

But Lady Barbara's face was whiter than that of the sick man.

"It is Malan," came from her trembling lips, as she sank down on the bed.

The man at the sound of her voice opened his eyes, and fixed them on her.

"She has come again!" he gasped, reaching out for Dolly.

"Yes, Malan"—Lady Barbara controlled herself by a great effort. "It is I myself—not a dream. You have nothing to fear. Calm yourself."

As she spoke, she laid her hand on the man's quivering fingers.

"You are not angry; you have forgiven me?" he said.

"No, I am not angry. You must not agitate yourself."

Neverthe lhe many was terribly agitated; his features worked convulsively; the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"My lady," he said. "I have felt like a murder ever since. "I have been an outcast, like Cain—afraid of God and man. I enlisted in the army here. You know I am of French parentage. I renounced my English. I did not care whether I was killed or no. And all this for a mistake! I did not mean to commit a crime. I left him just for ten minutes, as I thought; he was asleep then, and I believed he would not want me. I stayed longer—that was wrong, but not wrong enough surely for such a punishment. When I came back, the room was full of smoke, the lamp had been upset by some means, and—and my lord was dead! He looked as if he had died in his sleep."

The man covered his face and fell back on his pillows.

Dolly hastened forward.

"It is too much for him," she interposed.

"Yes." Lady Barbara assented. "You shall tell me the rest another time, Malan. Only one word now; had my—had you given your master his medicine—Mr. Peverll's draught for the night—before you left him?"

"No," said the man, removing his hand; "it was that that troubled me; it might have saved him, and it was past the time. I had put it in my waistcoat pocket—they gave it to me when I was downstairs—and I brought it away with me. I was so struck when I found what that half hour had done, and that my lord was dead, that I was like a madman. I slipped downstairs and out of the house, without telling anyone. I walked all night; I tried to walk away from it all. I have been trying ever since. And the little bottle with the draught—I could not throw it away; something seemed to prevent me every time I tried to do it. It was always there every day, in my pocket. It must be there still at my lodging, *Numero cinq Rue Barthse*."

The man's voice sank, and Dolly held up her hand, with a warning look, at Lady Barbara.

"And you forgive me, my lady?" Malan repeated timidly, holding her black robe as she was turning away. "Will you forgive me?"

The haggard face, with the large black eyes, looked up wistfully at her, hanging upon her next words as if they would bring life or death.

Dolly whispered softly:

"Forgive him!"

Forgive him! Why she could have gone down upon her knees and blessed him! The storm of passionate tenderness, the anguish of grief and pity, which the man's first words had raised, had sunk, hushed and annihilated, before the overpowering sense of a great deliverance. Nothing was left now but an intense thankfulness, and a strange bewildering wonder, which was half fear, at her own sensations.

"Forgive!" the man pleaded again.

She stooped down and took his wasted hand.

"Yes, Malan, I do forgive you," she said gently. "It is not for me to condemn. You have suffered for your fault. And I believe—we must believe—that we are all guiltless of his death. It was the hand of Heaven!" she added solemnly.

"Now Heaven will forgive me!" the man half sobbed as she passed out. "It has rolled off my heart like a load. I shall get well now; it was that which was killing me—not the German bullets. And my lady was so good. She is an angel!"

He talked incessantly—he was excited; all Dolly's efforts could not quiet him. She brough the doctor to him at last.

"The pulse is rather too high," the surgeon said; "but the strain on the nerves is gone. Something has happened to the man; he is in quite a different state. It must be your nursing, mademoiselle. Still he has talked enough. We will give him a little quieting dose. And you mademoiselle—is it not your turn for rest. We cannot afford to let our best nurses wear themselves out."

"It is like heaven!" the sick man murmured, as Dolly bade him good night. "I can bear to live now."

Lady Barbara and Lord Mountjoy were walking up and down under the porte-cochere, waiting for her, and talking earnestly together, when Dolly came out. Was it only a fancy of Dolly's that the conversation ceased suddenly, and that there was a certain consciousness about both of them as she joined them? Perhaps it was only a jealous fancy of Dolly's, and she was tired and unstrung—for the day's work had been trying—and it had to come, she told herself—as well now as later. Lord Mountjoy's devotion was transparently evident. Mrs. Estell pleased herself every day with its signs; it could not fail to reap is reward.

Lady Barbara was not at all tired that evening. There was a subdued content in her manner, a happier strain in her talk, notwithstanding the excitement of the afternoon; and Dolly had dreaded its effect—quite unnecessarily, as she told herself.

Poor tired Dolly could not help the bitterness which swelled in her heart. She cried herself to sleep that night, and dreamed that poor Antoine's burden of life had dropped from his shoulders on to her own.

CHAPTER XI.—AND LAST.

DOLLY was ill. There were lamentations at the ambulance over the absence of the petite sœur whose touch was so light—lighter than a feather the men declared—whose voice was so sweet and whose heart was so tender, and as large—Heaven bless her!—as large as the dome of the Invalides! The petite sœur had left a blank which was not easily to be filled.

Her malady was of that mysterious and unsatisfactory kind which seems to have no distinct definition in medical science, but to be left to vague terms and speculative treatment.

"A kind of low fever," the English doctor suggested.

"Something on the nerves," the French physician asserted.

And, as the doctors could not agree, unprofessional opinions ran riot.

"Mademoiselle has worked too hard," the faithful Gregoire maintained. "There has needed but one eye to see that it must come to an end."

"She has fretted herself ill, and no wonder," Mrs. Estell declared. "It is months since she heard a word of Max. How can she tell what may have happened to him? She has cried herself to sleep night after night, poor dear. And naturally she has broken down at last."

The whole household devoted itself to the invalid. Gregoire ransacked his brain and his stores for choice recipes to tempt a sick appetite. Mrs. Estell gave up the making of lint, and knitting of warm socks and comforters, for the care of the sick room. Lord Mountjoy came and went with always some fresh device to rouse or cheer the patient.

Dolly lay, day after day, white and weak, the resolute spirit quenched, the languid pulses scarcely stirred. A great dread came upon those who watched her; it seemed so easy for life itself to slip away thus. Could nothing be done to stay the silent ebbing tide?

"She must be roused," the English doctor said gravely—"a shock of some kind—of almost any kind now."

It was to Lord Mountjoy he said it—Lord Montjoy, who, brassard on arm, and

not over neat, straight from ambulance work, was lying in wait for the doctor, in the street below. The doctor was confidential with the young man, who seemed to fill the place of an anxious and careful brother to both the young English ladies.

"There is something," he said—"a cause—if we could only get at it. We see this sort of thing sometimes, and it is the most difficult sort of case to manage. The seat of all the mischief is in the mind—which we can't reach, you see." And then he quoted a line of Shakspeare, and walked along with his face gravely puckered up. "And she is slipping through our fingers," he muttered, half to himself.

Lord Mountjoy started.

"Good night," said the doctor, halting where their ways divided, and holding out his hand. It was a moonlight night, and perhaps it was the wan reflection which made Lord Mountjoy's face look so white.

"You have had a hard day's work," the doctor said, glancing at his badge. "Let me advise you to go home and go to bed."

But Lord Mountjoy did not follow the prescription. He spent the evening at the British Embassy; and through the greater part of the night he was hurrying hither and thither through the restless Paris streets, on an important mission, which came before rest or sleep.

* * * * *

"Dolly," said Lady Barbara, coming to Dolly's bedside two or three days later, "look up, dearest; listen to me. Something has happened."

There was a flush on Lady Barbara's cheek, a tremulous agitation in her voice, and with a languid effort Dolly turned her large listless eyes upon her.

"We have news from outside—from Versailles—from the Prussian army," Lady Barbara went on, holding herself back with breathless caution between each sentence.

Dolly did not stir.

"We have news from—from Max," Lady Barbara ventured, dropping the word at last like a lighted match upon gunpowder.

Dolly started up. The rousing shock had come.

"From—from Max?" she gasped. "Tell me—at once—he is safe?"

"Safe, and well," Lady Barbara answered drawing a deep breath as the crisis passed. "He is honored, too, as—as he deserves, Dolly. He is with the Prussian head quarters."

"My Max—my brave, noble Max!" Dolly murmured, as she sank back on her pillows. And then there came a burst of stormy tears which frightened Lady Barbara.

"That is just what we wanted. Let her alone," the doctor said, stepping from the ante room, where he had awaited the issue. "Those tears have saved us. By-and-by she will be able to bear the rest."

"Will she have strength for the journey?" Lady Barbara asked.

"Propose it to her. You will see that she will be equal to it. The impetus once given there is no fear for her now," the doctor pronounced. "And it is imperative that she should get away into a new atmosphere."

"Can you bear a journey—a short journey Dolly?" Lady Barbara asked, when, calmed and refreshed, Dolly was able to listen to her.

"Can I go to Max? Is that what you mean?" Dolly demanded with quick intuition. "Oh, I can go now, at once!"

"A party from the American Embassy will be passing out to-morrow," Lady Barbara explained. "We have permission to join them. Arthur has arranged it all. We have the Embassy's guarantee, and all the necessary passports. We may have to wait some time for another opportunity if we miss this one."

"We will not miss it," Dolly cried, all tremulous and agitated. "Oh, Max! Oh, my darling! How I have wanted you, my own Max! If I can but reach you!" All the poor tried heart's longing for a refuge, all its lonely struggle broke out in the cry.

It was Lady Barbara's turn to be jealous now.

"And we, Dolly," she said reproachfully—"are we nothing to you? Dear Dolly, have we not suffered together, worked together? And do we count for nothing after all?" It was strange to hear Lady Barbara a suppliant for love! "And Arthur——" Lady Barbara dropped her voice with a softer emphasis, which Dolly was quick to hear.

There had been a little tender relenting at Lady Barbara's first words; but now Dolly's anger rose. What was she—what was this "we" of Lady Barbara's? Max and she were outside of that "we" of Lady Barbara and Lord Mountjoy—as Dolly read it. They had been admitted within that magic enclosure of aristocratic exclusiveness only by a favor—a cruel favor, Dolly said in her bitterness. And now the "we" was sufficient for itself again, and Dolly and Max might take their broken hearts away. This was what Dolly thought without waiting to weigh her unspoken words. Max and she were relegated to their proper place; they were alone in the world together again. It was strange what a desert that world seemed—how empty and forlorn, even with Max.

"Arthur has moved heaven and earth to bring you this news, to help you to what he saw was the wish of your heart, Dolly," Lady Barbara said. "He has worked day and night for you. Have you not a word to say to him, Dolly—not one kind message?"

Dolly was growing more and more angry. She was to be grateful to Lord Mountjoy, and at Lady Barbara's bidding! The "we" was to be potential, even with those who were thrust out of its circle!

Dolly was surely a true woman in her wilfulness, for all her sweetness and goodness; and she would be grateful at no one's bidding—least of all at Lady Barbara's. Had Lady Barbara herself proved so grateful that she might teach gratitude to another!

There came into Dolly's overwrought mind the legend of a lady who cast a jewelled cup into a dangerous gulf and bade her lover leap in to rescue the treasure. And it seemed to Dolly just so had Lady Barbara, in cruel scorn of the gifts, cast into the gulf the treasures of Max's love, whilst she suffered him to throw away life itself after them. And before Dolly knew it—her self control and her reticence being all weakened by her illness—she had told out the legend to Lady Barbara, with a passionate indignation and a directness which pointed the application.

First of all Lady Barbara looked up breathless and amazed; then she flushed crimson to the roots of her hair; then the proud lip quivered, and she rose and turned away, hiding her face from Dolly's flashing eyes.

Then there was a long long silence, whilst Dolly sobbed herself back to composure, and Lady Barbara, shrouded behind the lace curtains at the window, looked out with unseeing eyes upon the gathering darkness of the early winter night.

At last she turned and came stepping softly, with drooping head, through the shadows, her fair face showing whitely in the dimness.

"Dolly," she said, sinking down by Dolly's side, "have I been ungrateful? It is not the way of the Mountjoys to be ungrateful."

"No, only to be scornful, to take all, like a Moloch demanding sacrifice as its natural right," thought Dolly, with her anger yet unappeased.

There was not a Communist in the Quartier St. Denis, or a Red Republican in all France, more bitterly unreasonable, more rampant against patrician pride and usurpation, than was Dolly at that moment. She had been lying quietly and recalling, through her tears, the picture seen once in the gallery at Clavering House, and the words of Lady Barbara at the conclusion of that story of unhappy love and fatal aspiration which had so moved Dolly.

"*Noblesse oblige*. Death is better than disgrace."

Disgrace! That was what Lady Barbara had called the devotion of an honest heart, because its owner could boast no quarterings of nobility in the one sense in which Lady Barbara and her kind counted nobility.

"If I have been ungrateful," Lady Barbara went on, with a gentle humility which might have touched Dolly, "it was because I did not know, I did not understand. I have thought—I have guessed sometimes since that it was Mr. Peveril who saved him and me from that awful railway train. I remember that he was hurt himself; he would not tell me how it happened; but it must have been at a terrible risk to himself. So much came upon me just then that I never understood it all. You shall tell me the story now, Dolly."

"What does it matter?" cried Dolly quite fiercely. "It is only a debt which you want to pay back, because we are—we are nothing to you. We are nothing to any but to each other!"

"Hush, Dolly!" said Lady Barbara, still with that strange humility. "You must not say such things to me, who love you."

"My Max!" Dolly went on, never heeding Lady Barbara's interruption. "My noble Max, who——"

Lady Barbara's hand stole softly into Dolly's little clenched palm.

"Dolly"—Lady Barbara's voice sank to a whisper so faint and low that Dolly held her breath to hear it—"Dolly, I—I—love him too!"

Then the gilded Graces on the wall came down and touched Dolly, the mirrored walls closed in around her couch, the shadows danced and waved incontinently, the world was topsy turvy!

Presently the world came back into its place again, and Dolly felt herself on solid ground once more. Was it her own heart or Lady Barbara's which was beating so loudly in the silence?

"And—and Lord Mountjoy?"

These were Dolly's first words. The next moment she would have recalled them.

Lady Barbara lifted her stately head which had been hidden low amongst Dolly's cushions.

"Arthur?" she said, with a little tremulous laugh. "Oh, Dolly, have you been so blind? Have you never guessed poor Arthur's secret?"

There was a dangerous tendency in the inanimate things about Dolly to resume their wild chaotic dance, but they thought better of it, in the light of Mrs. Estell's lamp, and under the sound of her calm, matter-of-fact voice.

"Dolly has slept for three hours," she said; "and Gregoire is in despair because his good *bouillon* is cold for the second time. And Lord Mountjoy has been waiting ever since five o'clock."

Lady Barbara got up and went away, and Dolly drank her soup and talked to cousin Estell of packing and of household cares, of anything and everything which could make her feel real and tangible again. For she was still half in the clouds.

* * * * *

"Don't speak to me of it. It is incredible!" Lady Todhunter was exclaiming to a malicious "friend," who rather enjoyed "drawing her out" on the subject which engaged the attention of society just at that time. "For Mountjoy it is not so bad; a *mesalliance* does not hurt a man so much. But for Barbara! And she was the very last person of whom I should have expected such a thing. A country doctor—of all inconceivable horrors!"

"He distinguished himself in the war, I hear," her listener suggested. "Sir Lomax Field was speaking very highly of him yesterday. He prognosticates great things of him in his profession. The future Lady Mountjoy is his sister, I believe?"

"Yes; that comes of hospital nursing and ambulance experience and all those extraordinary low vagaries," Lady Todhunter said spitefully. "If Barbara had stayed quietly at home, she and Mountjoy would have made a match of it. Indeed it was almost settled when she went off in that insane way to Paris, carrying that designing young person with her."

"She is very pretty, Sir Lomax says,"—the "friend" got up quite an enthusiasm on the subject—"and the story is so romantic. Shut up in Paris together, nursing the wounded men, falling in love under fire as it were, and coming out through the German lines to save the young lady's life when she fell ill—meeting the brother amongst the Prussians, and a new chapter in the love drama beginning with him—why, it's a whole romance! They will be the lions of the season!"

"Humph!" was all that Lady Todhunter said.

And perhaps the less she said the better; she could not very well afford to quarrel with young Lord Mountjoy, the head of her house, and after all there was no knowing how things might come round.

* * * * *

Things have "come round" wonderfully. Dolly's dream under the lilac bushes has all come true, and more besides, as she tells Max—Sir Max Peveril now—when he and Lady Barbara sit amongst the laburnums and guelder-roses, when they come down, as they are fond of doing, for a "little honeymooning," as they call it, to the cottage at Gurton, when Sir Max is overworked, and they are both tired with the turmoil of the great Babel.

It has been Lady Barbara's whim to have the cottage kept up in its old style, and not a tree or shrub has been cut down or a fence removed. Perhaps Lady Barbara may have once had a dream there too—amongst the roses.

Just one picture was rescued unharmed from the portrait gallery at Clavering at the time of the great fire, and perhaps because of that immunity, perhaps for some other reason, that picture holds the place of honor in Dolly's own boudoir. It is a portrait of Lady Gladys, and Lady Barbara smiles at it as she stands leaning on her husband's arm and says:

"I am glad that picture was saved. It is one of the first stages in our friendship, Dolly, and that friendship has taught me some great lessons."

She looks up proudly at Sir Max as she speaks, and Dolly knows that the greatest and best lesson Barbara has learned is the lesson of true nobility.

What Girls Fall in Love With.—Girls keep on falling in love with something or another with a man attached to it. It is not a new thing to love. There has been more or less of that going on in the world for several thousand years, but the advancing civilization of the age has brought along many modern improvements, of which love gets its share. Occasionally the tender passion is aroused by a buttonhole bouquet, the sweetest thing you ever saw; frequently it is a perfectly lovely moustache, black—it must always be black—that kills; sometimes a many-colored necktie, or a seal ring, or a pair of elegant boots, or a diamond pin, or almost anything which would naturally be classed with these glittering attractions to swindle a young woman's affections. Of course there is always a man attached, and that may naturally be accounted of some consequence, but it is too rarely considered until it is too late.

There could rarely be a more forcible illustration of the eccentric course of true love than was given in the case of a Massachusetts young woman, the facts in which have but recently come to light. This young woman had fallen in love with something, possibly a gold-headed cane or a diamond pin; at all events, she was enough in love to get married, and in a few days she was overcome with grief to find that she actually had a husband, and scandalously enough he was a man with thick lips. It was an unfortunate discovery, and the young wife was so broken down and made wretched by it that she insisted upon going back to her mamma, as well as getting up a divorce case. How this deluded young thing ever found out that her husband had thick lips may be one of the strange things of the age, but it is not at all singular that she shouldn't have found it out before the marriage. If he had not in a moment of absent-mindedness laid by his gold-headed cane or removed his dazzling pin she might have gone on loving indefinitely and he wouldn't have known the difference, but just as soon as she detected the man she saw at once how cruelly she had been deceived by her own fitful imagination. It wasn't the man she loved although she may have supposed it was. It would have been just like the young woman of this very kind to say that this story is ridiculous; and it is, the more so because it is true. Under the present system there seems to be absolutely no way in which a girl can find out whether a young man has thick lips or a crooked finger or red hair till he puts aside some of the fascinating ornaments with which a girl falls in love, and he never does this before marriage. The fact clearly is that love is too blind for mortal use. He doesn't see as well now by gaslight as he used to years and years ago in the unsteady and hideous glare of the tallow candle, and there is no eyeopener that seems to reach his case to serve as a check upon his headlong and too often disastrous career. A moustache is just the same over the front gate in the dark as in the brightness of an electric light if the girl is in love with it, and it isn't worth while for any but those who may be interested in the divorce business to bother much about it.

Romance of the Ring.—A day or two since a Parisian jeweler was much surprised by a visit from a working man, who offered to sell him a splendid diamond ring, worth at least 10 000 francs, for the small sum of 400 francs. His suspicions being aroused by the divergence between the value of the trinket and the sum asked for it by the would-be vendor, he said he would call at the abode of the latter on the morrow and pay the amount. The workman, apparently well satisfied, went off, and the jeweler immediately communicated the matter to the Commissary of Police, who proceeded to the house and found the possessor of the ring at supper surrounded by his half a dozen children. On being told that the jewel was worth 10 000 francs he evinced much unaffected astonishment, and said he could not understand how his sister could have sunk such a sum in a ring. Upon inquiry, in fact, it turned out that his sister had undoubtedly left him the ring upon her death, two years previously, and that she had acted as lady's maid to the wife of a nobleman attached to a foreign embassy. This news gave the officer a clue which he was not tardy in following up. Having presented himself at the diplomatist's residence, the wife of the latter at once recognised the ring as one that had mysteriously disappeared six years before. The upshot of the affair is that the workman, who had acted throughout in good faith, and had stated that, had he known the ring was not honestly and justly his, he would have taken steps to return it, is rewarded by the rearing and education of his six children being taken in hand by the rightful owner of the jewel. Thus the matter ends happily for all parties. The lady very unexpectedly recovers her lost diamond, and the workman's honesty is adequately recompensed.

An Essay on Woman.—After man came woman. And she has been after him ever since. It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shot-gun. A wife is a very convenient article to have around the house. She is handy to swear at whenever you cut yourself with a razor and don't feel like blaming yourself. Women is the superior being in Massachusetts. There are about 60 000 more of her sex than males in that State. This accounts for the terrified, hunted-down expression of the single man who emigrate from the east. Woman is not created perfect. She has her faults—such as false hair, false complexion, and so on. But she is a great deal better than her neighbors, and she knows it. Eve was a woman. She must have been a model wife, too, for it cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes. Still I don't think she was happy. She couldn't go to sewing circles and air her information about everybody she knew, nor excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new winter bonnet to church. Neither could she hang over the back fence and gossip with her near neighbors. All of these blessed privileges were denied.

A jury last year awarded Dr. Phillips, of London, $35,000 for injuries in a railroad accident. It was proved that his expenses had amounted to more than $5,000, that his professional income had been more than $25 000, and that for sixteen months he was disabled, and he asked, therefore, for a new trial, on the ground of the inadequacy of the award to him. The company opposed the application, but in vain.

SAFE.

BY A. C.

O stormy winds of winter time,
Moan wildly as you will;
His rest you cannot trouble now
His heart you cannot chill.

Lean to the earth, O summer corn,
Before the dim wet blast;
His eyes have seen the golden calm
Of harvests never past.

Deep in your bosom fold, O earth,
Your shining flowers away;
His steps are in the lily-fields
Of never-ending May.

Draw your red shadows from the wall
O beauteous amber-glow;
Drift cold about his silent house,
O white December snow.

Across the sparkle of the dew
Dry dust, in whirlwinds, pour,
Hide, new moon, in the cloudy skies—
He needs your light no more.

Married for Money.

BY M. B. S.

"DEAR me," said Hettie Wynn, "I shall go crazy. Five children all clamoring at once, the kettle boiling over, the pickles upset, moths in my best shawl, and the dog running away with the soup bone for dinner."

John Wynn burst out laughing, and that, in Mrs. Hettie's case, provoked the one hair that broke the camel's back.

She began to cry.

He tried to soothe her.

"I don't care," she sobbed, "I'm sick of it all. I'm tired of patching old clothes, hashing cold meats, and hoarding pennies. I'm tired of——"

"Your husband and your children," gravely interrupted Mr. Wynn. "Is that it, Hettie?"

"I might have married rich," she said, slowly, twisting her baby's bib strings round and round her finger. "Yes, I might have been George Howard's wife, he is a very wealthy man, they tell me."

"It's a pity you didn't," said John, provokingly.

"Yes, it is a pity," said Hettie, stung beyond endurance, as she flounced out of the room;

Not but what she loved John, but this wearing, grinding succession of petty cares and toil was sapping all the life and elasticity out of her.

She looked disdainfully down at the faded calico dress she wore, patched and darned in more than one place.

"If I had married George Howard," she said to herself, "I could have worn silks and jewels every day, with servants to wait on me, and a carriage to drive out in whenever I pleased. Oh, dear! what a world of trouble this is."

And as Mrs. Wynn laid her little rose-cheeked infant down to sleep, she felt as if her lot had indeed fallen in very thorny places.

Just as she had taken her place once again over the kettle, there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Hettie, and the housekeeper from Hadley Hall came mincing across the threshold.

Hettie dusted off a chair, in considerable of a hurry, for Mrs. Allison was a grand lady in her way, who wore black silks and laces, and had her bonnets directly from the city.

"Won't you sit down, Mrs. Allison?" said she, coloring to the roots of her pretty hair, and secretly hoping that Mrs. Allison did not observe the patch on her calico dress.

"Thank you, my dear—I am in a great hurry," said Mrs. Allison. "I have some fine laces, muslins, and Valenciennes handkerchiefs here, from my lady at the Hall. The laundress hasn't come down yet, and she ain't willing to trust the lady's maid with 'em, and they must be ready by dark—and so I told her I knew a person who was a master hand at laces, fluting and such like, and I depend on you, my dear, to do 'em for me."

Hettie hesitated an instant.

"She'll pay you," said Mrs. Allison. "She ain't none of the stingy sort, my lady ain't."

"Yes," said she, "I'll do it. Lay the bundle on the table, please. So the new family have arrived at the Hall at last?"

Mrs. Allison nodded ascent.

She had been housekeeper for the Hadleys, of Hadley Hall, for twenty years, and was sorry enough when the old place went into new hands.

But a situation was a situation, so she had stayed on.

"Yes," said she. "Mr. and Mrs. George Howard."

Hettie gave such a start that the kettle had nearly tipped over into the fire.

"Howard!" cried she, with a little hysterical laugh. "What a funny name."

"Handsome, stylish people, with more money, to all appearances, than they know what to do with," went on Mrs. Allison. "I just wish you could see her dresses and jewels. Stephanie, the French maid, showed them to me when she was unpacking 'em."

Hettie said nothing, but stirred busily, while the old housekeeper talked on about the wealth and grandeur of the new possessors of Hadley Hall.

And all this might have been hers.

"When shall I send after the laces?" Mrs. Allison finally asked, when she rose to depart.

"I'll take them home, myself, about dusk," said Hettie, inwardly resolving to get a glimpse into this Paradise which had so nearly been her own.

And so, at twilight, with the daintily troned and fluted laces in her basket, she walked up to Hadley Hall.

How stately it looked with its broad colonaded facade, all glittering with lights; its grand conservatory at the back, and its terraced windows.

Oh, if she had only said "yes" to George Howard eleven years ago.

"Hush!" said Hettie, as Mrs. Allison, with some pride, pointed out the various beauties of the place. "What is that noise like a woman crying? In the next room, I think."

Mrs. Allison's face clouded over.

"It's Mrs. Howard, poor dear," said she. "The master's a brute; he's been drinking too much—Mademoiselle Stephanie says he always drinks too much—and he struck her. Oh, dear! she's wretched, in spite of all her money."

"Has she no children?" Hettie softly asked.

"She had two, but she lost 'em both. Mademoiselle Stephanie says she often cries, and wishes she were dead, too. And I don't wonder much, with such a husband. Hush, here he comes now."

And, shrinking behind a group of Italian marble statuary, the two women watched George Howard stalk gloomily by, with red, inflamed eyes, sullen face, and unsteady steps.

Hettie Wynn then returned home, thanking God in her heart that she was a poor man's wife.

"Have you heard of the accident?" asked old Peters, who was standing out at his gate, as she hurried by in the deepening dusk.

"No; what accident? What has happened?"

"That house as your husband was workin' on has all fell in. All a heap of ruins. Something wrong about the foundation, they say, and——"

"Oh, my God!" wildly interrupted Hettie, clasping her hands. "Was he hurt—my husband?"

"Well," said old Peters, "there was two men killed, and one had his arm broke; but——"

She waited to hear no more.

Swiftly she sped homeward, a horrible dread winging her footsteps with almost incredible speed.

Oh, if John was killed—if her children should be fatherless—if——

'John! John!" she wailed, as she threw open the door, and rushed, breathless, into the kitchen.

"Well, little woman, what is it?"

And—oh thanks to all merciful Heaven—John Wynn himself turned his bright living face towards her from the hearthside, where he was sitting, with a child on either knee.

"I know what is in your dumb, questioning eyes, Hettie. I am not hurt, thank God. I had just gone for another lot of nails, when the building fell. No, no, you'll not get rid of me quite so easy."

Hettie threw herself, sobbing, into her husband's arms.

"Ah, John, John, love me. Hold me close to your heart. I've been repining and selfish. I've never been half good enough to you; but, please God, I'll be a better woman, and a more faithful wife from this night henceforward."

And then she told him the history of her day's adventures.

"It's natural enough, little wife," said John, kindly stroking her hair. "But for all that, I'm glad you've realized that money isn't always happiness."

And a more contented couple than John Wynn and his wife Hettie, never sat by a cheery fireside upon that bleak November evening.

Hettie had profited by her lesson.

Painting in milk is said to be nearly equal to oil painting in body and durability, while its freedom from any offensive odor renders its adoption desirable for sick and weakly persons. Take half a gallon of skimmed milk, six ounces of lime newly slaked, four ounces of poppy, linseed or nut oil and three pounds of Spanish white. Put the lime into an earthen vessel or clean bucket, and having poured on it a sufficient quantity of milk to make it about the thickness of cream, add the oil in small quantities at a time, stirring the mixture with a wooden spatula. Then put in the rest of the milk and afterward the Spanish white.

A young elephant in a menagerie attacked its keeper, at Lancaster, N. H., and probably would have killed him had not the vicious brute's mother come to the man's rescue and inflicted terrible punishment upon her offspring.

The Three Letters.

BY C. R.

"WELL, my dears, if I must tell you a story, I will tell you what once happened when I was returning from India, now many years ago." So spake our dear old Uncle Benjamin, and we, his nephews and nieces, delightedly composed ourselves to listen.

"The homeward-bound troop-ship Stirling Castle, Captain Bowlby, was becalmed in the tropics. But yet on board the ship a painful and intense excitement prevailed. General Page, one of the chief cabin passengers, had been robbed and nearly killed the night before; and the person accused of the crime was Walter Stevenson, a young lieutenant, and a general favorite of all on board. General Page having retired from the service, was returning to England. He was accompanied by his daughter Rose, a young lady about twenty two years of age.

"There were several other officers on board; but only two enter into the story; the first being Colonel Morton, a very old friend of the General's; and the other, the Lieutenant Stevenson above mentioned. Colonel Morton and the General had known each other in youth, but still another tie bound the two friends together. Colonel Morton had a son, and they had agreed that this son should marry the General's daughter. Nay, the General even went so far as to make his will, leaving all his property to Rose it is true, but appointing Colonel Morton sole trustee, and authorising him to use the influence the position gave him to bring about a match between the young people.

"Now, although all this was known to Rose, yet it affected her very little; she was a true woman, and would only follow the dictates of her own heart; and who shall govern the caprices of the god of love?

"Soon after leaving Calcutta, it was noticed that Lieutenant Stevenson was often seen in her company. Ere the Cape was reached they had confessed their love to each other, and the father was made acquainted with their feelings and wishes. But alas! did the course of true love ever run smooth? As before mentioned, the General had his own idea with regard to Rose, and so he sternly refused his sanction to her engagement with Stevenson.

"I now come to the dreadful circumstances mentioned in the opening of my story. There had been a good deal of merriment in the large saloon the night before; but because of his anomalous position with regard to Rose, Stevenson took very little part in it, and retired early. The General too, not feeling very well, had passed into his cabin somewhat before his usual time; and soon after eleven o'clock entire silence reigned throughout the whole of the after-cabins. So things remained until about five o'clock in the morning, when all were aroused by loud cries for help, proceeding from the General's room. Hurriedly throwing on a few clothes, several of the passengers hastened to the cabin indicated; and what a sight met their horrified eyes! Supported in the arms of Lieutenant Stevenson, lay the General, his head bathed in blood. His closed eyes and pallid lips seemed to betoken death, except that his labored breathing and deep groans showed that he still lived. In another part of the cabin lay the body of the General's servant, and examination showed that he was quite dead. Being very old, he had been unable to withstand the heavy blow dealt him. The ship's doctor, Captain Bowlby, Colonel Morton, and many others were now collected in the cabin; and after the doctor had taken the wounded man in hand, the question was anxiously asked: How did it occur? As Stevenson was the one who had given the alarm, all looked to him for an explanation; but what he had to tell was summed up in a very few words. He said he had been restless all the night, and had got up early to see the beauties of a tropical sunrise; that passing the General's door he heard groans; that he had knocked, to see if he could be of any service; but receiving no reply, he had entered, and found things in the state they saw them.

"There were many who shook their heads at this tale, and Stevenson could not but notice the half averted glances of his fellow passengers, yet he treated the idea of being really suspected as preposterous. Rose was for the most part closely engaged at the bedside of her father, who still hovered between life and death. He was for a great portion of the time quite unconscious; still there were intervals when he seemed to be aware of all that was passing. This being the case, it was arranged that he should be asked, in the presence of the principal passengers, to name his assailant. At the time appointed, he was not able to speak. It was therefore arranged that paper and pen should be given him, and while one held him up, he should be simply asked to write the name of his assailant. Soon all was ready, but when the General had painfully traced a few letters, the pen fell from his hand, his eyelids closed, and he passed into a state of complete unconsciousness.

"And what were the letters written? The culprit's fate hangs upon them. Here they are, S T E. What a pity there are only three; and yet—when the Captain read out in a firm clear voice S T E, all eyes involuntarily turned on Stevenson. So convinced was Captain Bowlby by this evidence, that he exclaimed in stern tones: 'Lieutenant Stevenson, retire to your cabin, and consider yourself under arrest for the remainder of the voyage.' It was done, and the once gay and still noble looking Walter Stevenson was led away a suspected thief and murderer.

"I must now in a very few words pass over more than a month. No event of importance had occurred since the scene depicted above. The old General, contrary to all expectation, gradually became stronger; but alas! as his bodily health improved so did it become the more manifest that his mind was affected. Stevenson, confined to his cabin, had—as much as prudence and her duties to her father allowed—been cheered by visits from the noble girl. These visits were necessarily few and short, but still they were sufficient to assure him of her undying love and confidence.

"Such was the position of affairs when the Stirling Castle arrived in the Thames. Stevenson was taken before the magistrate; and upon the evidence already narrated, was formally committed for trial, some of the principal passengers being bound over to appear when called upon.

"General Page was meanwhile placed under the charge of one of the most famous physicians of the metropolis. Rose remaining with him as his nurse. The doctor had a slight hope of the wounded man, but that was all.

"I pass on now to the trial of the prisoner. Captain Bowlby proved the finding of Stevenson in the General's cabin, and described the state in which it appeared. Colonel Morton proved the fact of the will having been made and deposited in a box, and told how it was against Stevenson's interests, which fact was known to Rose, and therefore presumably to Stevenson also. Others proved the finding of the box, hidden away behind the prisoner's bed; and last of all the paper written by the General was brought forward, containing the first three letters of Stevenson's name. The counsel for the defense did all that could be done, but was quite unable to dispute the facts or break down the evidence. Then came the judge's summing up. He pointed out that although the evidence was clear, yet it was in a measure what is termed circumstantial; on the other hand, it must necessarily be so, as many murders were committed with no actual eye witness. Much more he said fairly and pointedly, and then the jury retired. You might have heard a pin drop when they returned, and although the foreman pronounced the word "Guilty" in a low tone, it seemed to sound and re-echo through the whole court.

'But just at that moment there was a disturbance near the door, and a female voice was heard imploring: 'For mercy's sake, let us pass. It is General Page. The prisoner is innocent!' All eyes turned to the spot; and Rose, in a state of great excitement, was seen leading her father forward.

"The counsel for the defence immediately obtained permission to place the General in the witness box, where, on account of his great feebleness, he was accommodated with a chair. The first question though, to the general surprise, showed that he had in a great measure recovered his former strength of mind. After the usual preliminaries the question was asked:

" 'Do you know the prisoner at the bar?'

" 'Yes; it is Lieutenant Stevenson.'

" 'Did he enter your cabin the night your servant was murdered?'

" 'No; not that I am aware of.'

" 'But you wrote a portion of his name on a piece of paper. See, here it is.'

" 'Yes; but it appears I did not finish it. Give it me, and I will do so now.' Handing back the paper, he continued: 'There; that is the man who attacked me.'

"The mystery was all explained now; the completed word was—STEWARD; and all this misery had been caused by the want of the four little letters—ward. The steward then was actually the man. No one had thought of him, and yet what more easy? He was always in and out of the cabins, and would be sure to notice the box holding the will; and evidently thinking it contained valuables, had stolen it. Having done so; and finding suspicion already fallen upon Stevenson, nothing was more easy than to hide the empty box where it was found. All this was found to be substantially correct; for the man was arrested, and soon after confessed his dreadful crime.

"I have nothing more to add, except that Stevenson was discharged without a stain on his name, and that the old General, yielding to the solicitations of his daughter, and convinced of Stevenson's worth, consented to their engagement. In due time they were married, and as the story books say, 'were happy ever after.' And both will ever remember with thankful hearts how, although 'cast down, they were not destroyed.'"

Flood, the millionaire, weighs 230 pounds, and has a private park containing 2,000 acres.

ROMANCE.

BY C. W. H.

Oh! she was a maid of laughing eye.
And she lived in a garret cold and high.
And he was a threadbare, whiskered beau,
And he lived in a cellar damp and low.

But the rosy boy of the cherub wing
Hath many a shaft in his slender string
And the youth below and the maid above
Were touched with the flashing darts of love;

And she would wake from her troubled sleep,
O'er his tender billet-doux to weep;
Or stand like a statue cold and fair,
And gaze on a lock of his bright red hair.

And he who was late so tall and proud,
With his step so firm and his laugh so loud,
His beard grew long, and his face grew thin,
And he pined in solitude over his gin.

But one soft night in the month of June,
As she lay in the light of a cloudless moon,
A voice came floating soft and clear,
To the startled maiden's list'ning ear.

Oh! then from her creaking couch she sprung,
And her tangled tresses back she flung,
She looked from her window far below,
And he stood beneath—her whiskered beau!

She did not start with a foolish frown,
But packed her trunk and hurried down,
And there was her lover tall and true,
In his threadbare coat of brightened blue.

The star that rose in the evening shade,
Looked sadly down on the weeping maid;
The sun that came in his morning pride,
Shed golden light o'er a laughing bride.

A Wilful Woman.

BY A. E. W.

IF you don't take compassion on such a devoted lover, and one who is so good and worthy of you as Mr. Crichton, all I can say is this," said Mrs. Hinxman to Alberta Graham, with much emphasis, as if she were leading up to a crushing crisis, "I shall have no patience with you, and shall think you are acting very foolishly. Now, as Mr. Crichton's wife——"

"It has not been proved yet that Mr. Crichton desires at all to have me in that capacity," said Miss Graham, with a little laugh. "And if it were, my own inclination goes for something in the matter, I suppose."

"Your own inclination ought to be for what is good for you," said Mrs. Hinxman, sententiously.

"Sarsaparilla? Brimstone and treacle? What is it you give your children in the spring, Emily, especially the naughty ones?"

"Yes, that is just what you are like—a very naughty child, and you ought to know better at your age. And so I hope you will," concluded Mrs. Hinxman, shaking her head at her friend, as she rose from her writing-table.

Friends tried and true they were, since their schoolfellow days some dozen years ago. Mrs Hinxman had soon married and settled down to household cares and periodical babies. Alberta Graham, beautiful, clever, and attractive in all ways, had, on the contrary, taken her full pleasure out of life, and now at thirty was better looking than she had been at twenty, and, what was to be expected, considerably more wilful.

About a month ago she had come on a visit to her friend Emily Hinxman, and there she had met the Mr. Crichton spoken of—a wealthy neighbor some forty years of age.

As Mrs. Hinxman prepared to leave the room, she said: "There! I shall leave you now to meditate on my good advice," and Miss Graham, rising too, opened a glass door leading out on to a balcony.

Alberta sat down there, doing for once exactly as her friend had advised her—thinking over her advice. But did she care for Mr. Crichton? That was the very thing she had been asking herself for days without getting any settled answer. "And if I loved him I should not be in doubt," said Alberta to herself.

The glass door behind her suddenly opened, and Mr. Crichton himself, who had come over on a visit, with his mission written on his face, asked permission to join her on the balcony. If Mr. Crichton's face betrayed his mission, he had come there quite prepared to follow up the mute appeal by word of mouth. "Emily has sent him on purpose," thought Alberta.

He was evidently full of the tender subject, and ere long was saying.—

"This cannot be a surprise to you, for I have let you see my intentions plainly, and Mrs Hinxman too."

"I do not say it is wholly a surprise," said Alberta, who was zigzagging, so to speak, in her replies.

"Then surely you can give me an answer," said he; "there can be no difficulty in that."

"None, of course," replied Alberta hastily," and one thing it is my right to say—I will not be bothered and worried and persecuted about a thing that is entirely my own concern."

"Never by me," said Mr. Crichton, the smile of a moment ago changing to sudden gravity, "if I am to understand that you look upon my attentions in that light. I love you far too well to give you a moment's pain. Do you mean that that is your answer?"

"Yes, that is my answer," said Alberta, with unnecessary vehemence, "and I particularly beg I may hear no more upon the subject."

"That you shall not, be sure. God help me to bear this as best I may!" and in a moment he was gone.

She was wilful, but she had not expected this. In a few minutes he had vanished from view as he returned to his solitary home.

And then she was quite sure that she loved him.

It was just a year later. Alberta, with her parents, had been staying in the same city, when she got a letter from Mrs. Hinchman asking her to spare her a few days, and she concluded to accept the invitation.

Alberta did not look back with pleasure on the year that was gone. It had come to pass that Alberta had failed to gather much enjoyment from any of the old sources. A regret, a contrition, an insatiable yearning haunted her, and spoiled everything besides. And now that Emily's letter had come, Alberta could not resist it.

Though she did not admit it to herself, she felt somewhat strange that the first day of her stay she did not meet Mr. Crichton. The next day passed too, and then came the last evening, and a very beautiful one it was, making Alberta's heart ache at the thought of leaving on the morrow, although she had inwardly known but little peace or satisfaction throughout the visit. But there was something in it of relief however. Mr. Crichton had come over to dinner, and they were not allowed to sit long after it, for the children had been promised to go and see the field where some workmen were burning charcoal.

So off they started, Mr. Hinxman with Alberta, Mr Crichton with Emily. The children were in ecstasies. The glowing hills of fire made a scene that set them shouting with joy. As the shades deepened, the fires came out brighter. The whole field was a network of bright edges, sparkling and darting like fire flies, and full of mystery and romance. They were all getting childish and merry, and the children were half beside themselves with the fascination and adventure of it all. Something of last year's cordiality flashed out again between Mr Crichton and Alberta in the unguarded gaiety of the moment. It was much too delightful to be left, but the night was drawing on, and after repeated reprieves, the children, hot and excited, were collected together, and the homeward journey began.

In returning, the gentlemen running races and playing with the still excited children, Emily and Alberta fell behind, and reached the hall door alone, when they found a basket had been left behind. Nothing would do for Alberta but to fetch it herself; she said she had wanted all along to see that field again, and forbidding Emily to say where she had gone, she was off round the corner of the house. It was not far to go; only a short cut across two fields, and the gate was reached. Presently she became aware that one of the gentlemen had followed her. She stood in the dark end of the field under the trees, from behind which the rising moon now sent tongues and shafts and trembling mysteries of light across the shadow. Her white dress, however, betrayed her, and, much to her annoyance, lest she should have been supposed to foresee this consequence of her coming, Mr. Crichton in a few steps was at her side.

"I am so sorry you should have taken the trouble to come," she said. "I begged Emily not to say I had come to fetch it."

"Has something been forgotten? I have not spoken to Mrs. Hinxman since, but seeing you return to the field in a hurry, I thought you had lost something, and that I might be of use."

"Thank you; it is the basket; but I know exactly where to find it." They went a few steps farther on and found it duly awaiting them in all innocence in the charcoal field. Mr. Crichton took it up, and they turned their steps homeward almost in silence. Alberta walking very fast. Once she gave a little slip but recovered herself.

"The ground is very slippery with the dew. Won't you take my arm?" said Mr. Crichton.

"No, thank you; I shall do very well," said Alberta, slipping again in proof of it.

"Is there any occasion to go quite so fast?" he asked: "the night alone deserves some notice. One could rarely see a finer."

"No," admitted Alberta as they stopped still under the trees, "in moonlight, shine and shade," to look at it. All the open country was spiritualised by moonlight; dew and enchantment were everywhere. Alberta and Mr. Crichton resumed their walk after a few vague commonplaces of admiration; now in silence, now with a constrained word or two that showed that silence noticed. Then Mr. Crichton said, rather abruptly:

"You are going away to-morrow, and if I were a wise man I should be glad of it. That I suppose I am not, for I am too sorry to hear it quite in silence, or admire this moonlight, or enjoy the present as I might, for thinking how soon it is to end."

"I do not see why my going should make any difference," said Alberta.

"Possibly not," he answered. "Possibly you do not understand, either, how a man can get to care for a woman so that he cares for little else besides. Forgive me, however, for saying this. I have no right to trouble you. I have not forgotten the commands you laid on me to leave this subject alone. If it had not been for them, I should have much to say to night—but no doubt you wished them obeyed?"

"Of course I did," answered Alberta.

"And you wish it still?"

"I do."

"Then that is enough for me," said Mr. Crichton, with such a depth of sadness in his voice as he held the gate open for her to pass, that the painful contrast to his merriment with the children so short a while ago was more than the warm but wilful heart beside him could stand.

"But," began Alberta, and then stopped short, with her face in the moonlight grown suddenly hot.

"But what?" said Mr. Crichton, gravely, for there had been a few minutes' silence, and his thoughts had been full of gloom.

"But," repeated Alberta, with a ripple of laughter in her voice, "supposing there had been no commands, what was it you would have said?"

"Is that a fair question?" he asked, halting and looking at her in a mixture of surprise and doubt.

"Quite fair" said Alberta, looking anywhere but at him.

"Then I should have asked you once more to be my wife, and to give me love for love if in ever so small a degree. Your answer, if you please, Miss Graham?" concluded Mr. Crichton, a smile upon his own lips now.

"As you like it, then," said Alberta, steadily, for she knew her own mind and his well at last.

And with a fervent "God bless you for that!" Mr. Crichton drew her closer to his side.

And the moon perhaps never smiled upon a happier pair of lovers than the honest hearted gentleman who had lived in hope and the wilful woman who had given up her wilfulness to love.

CURIOUS DYING WORDS.—M. Voltaire breathed a prayer full of his own satire when his dying lips murmured, "God—if there is a God—have mercy on my soul!—if I have a soul." Webster said, "I still live;" and Washington, "It is well." A poor darkey down South, when told by the doctor that he was to die, murmured devoutly, "De good Lord, have mercy on dis poor niggah's soul; but who's gwine to take care of Mars Tom's clothes like me?" Napoleon called *Tete d'armee*:—head of the army—and Stonewall Jackson was heard in the night to call, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action;" but at the last moment he murmured softly, "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." The poet Burns pleaded with his last strength, "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave." John Randolph ended his satirical life with a strangely appropriate word. The doctor was reading the Bible to him, and pronounced the word omnipotent with the accent on the third syllable. The dying man rose in his bed and exclaimed, in a hoarse voice, "Omnipotent! Omnipotent!" and fell back dead. Lord Chesterfield's last words showed him polite in death, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Lord Nelson's were "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to anchor;" and Sir Thomas More, mounting the scaffold, said pleasantly, "I pray you, see me safely up, and for my coming down I can shift for myself."

WEALTH OF THE PRESIDENTS.—Washington left an estate worth $800 000. John Adams died moderately well off. Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not given $20 000 for his library he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical and died rich. Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives. John Quincy Adams left about $50 000 the result of prudence. His son, Charles Francis Adams, gained a large fortune by marriage. Jackson died tolerably well off. Van Buren died worth some $300 000. It is said that during his entire administration he never drew any portion of his salary but on leaving took the whole $100 000 in a lump. Polk left about $150 000. Tyler married a lady of wealth and accomplishments and died rich. Taylor left about $150 000. Fillmore was always an economical man, and added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved about $50 000. Buchanan left about $200 000. Lincoln about $75 000; Johnson, about $50 000.

As a corrective for the stride-and-hop gait the painter Ingres recommended to an English lady whom he met at Compiegne, a long walk daily with a pitcher of water on her head. This exercise gives a true poise to the whole figure, necessitates an upright carriage of the head and a smooth, firm step. M. Ingres hint is now being acted upon by the pupils of an eminent French actor who prepares young girls for the stage.

Scientific and Useful.

HOW TO ADMINISTER CASTOR OIL.—Rub up two drops of oil of cinnamon with an ounce of glycerine and add an ounce of castor oil. Children will take it as a luxury, and ask for more.

WATER FOR GAS METERS.—A solution of chloride of magnesium is preferable to water for filling gas meters. There is no appreciable loss by evaporation, freezing is practically impossible, and the gas is freed from ammonia.

TEST OF AUTOGRAPHS.—One of the best tests of autographs is the color of the ink. In genuine ancient writings the fading of the ink is irregular; in forged documents the ink has the same color throughout, and the most ingenious of forgers have been unable to overcome this difficulty.

MALLEABLE BRASS.—Malleable brass is made by alloying thirty-three parts of copper and twenty-five of zinc, the copper being loosely covered with the zinc in the crucible. As soon as the copper is melted, pure zinc is added. The alloy is then cast into moulding sand in the shape of bars, which are malleable into any form when still hot.

REMOVAL OF INK-STAINS.—Ink stains on white linen are removed with tolerable ease by a variety of applications, most of which, however, attack the texture of the material more or less, so that it is apt to wear out prematurely; but similar stains in colored fabrics are less readily treated, for what removes the ink mark will, in most cases, destroy their color also. We read in a foreign exchange of a method which has the great advantages of neither injuring the material, nor affecting in the least the most delicate shades of color, while it effectually removes the ink. It consists simply in dipping the stained part into pure hot melted suet or tallow, and washing it when cold in hot water, which, it is asserted, will remove the ink together with the fat.

HOW TO CASE HARDEN IRON.—Case hardening of iron is a process by which a thin coating of steel may be placed on the surface of iron implements, tools, etc. In the first place, take any piece of iron and heat it to redness, and then sprinkle on it a little powdered yellow prussiate of potash; then heat the iron again. The heat decomposes the prussiate of potash and the carbon combines with the iron, thus forming an endurable coating much harder than cast steel files. This covering admits of a very high and lasting polish. There are other methods of case hardening, but this is the easiest and is not expensive. An iron drill thus case-hardened will penetrate the hardest steel. The coating will be about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, but it can be made thicker by subjecting the articles to several treatments, as above stated.

DYEING KID GLOVES.—A German trade journal gives the following directions for the home treatment of kid gloves and similar small articles: The first step in the proceeding is to fill the gloves tightly with sawdust, and then sew up their free extremity. The further treatment, of course, depends on the color which it is desired to impart to them. Black—Brush over with a tolerably strong solution of chromate of potash; allow this to soak in a little, and then brush again with a strong decoction of logwood, to which a little sulphate of iron (blue vitriol) has been added. Fast Brown—Brush over with a solution of alum; then boil a strong decoction of logwood, fustic, and Guinea redwood, and brush over again with this when cool. Violet—Brush first with alum solution, and then with a solution of methyl violet. Grey—Brush first with a solution of sulphate of iron, and then with a weak decoction of sumach.

Farm and Garden.

CRANBERRIES.—A Western journal recommends the growing of cranberries in the garden. A pound of bone dust to the square yard is the manure. In April, May, or June, or in October and November, set out the plants four inches apart in rows six inches asunder in beds four feet wide. Two square rods yield four or five bushels, and require 2 000 plants. The vines will soon cover the ground and require no renewal, as the plant is a perennial shrub.

SHRUBBERY AND FLOWER BEDS.—Too much shrubbery and too many flower beds are almost as undesirable as none at all. Over-adornment of the yard or lawn is as objectionable to the eye as an ill-selected combination of colors in personal apparel. We do not urge less care of the yards, but we certainly think much labor given to the home-surroundings might be bestowed with more intelligence and with better results. First of all should come clean, close-cut green grass; next a few trees and shrubs, and, lastly, flower-beds, well cared for.

GROWING FLAX.—It is somewhat strange that our farmers do not more generally interest themselves in the growing of flax. Notwithstanding the somewhat prevalent belief that it is an expensive crop to handle, the experiment would no doubt prove profitable. However true it may have been once that it cost nearly as much to raise and prepare it for the market as it brought there, even at the best prices, it is now possible, with the improved machinery and processes of the present day, to make it a very good paying venture for the enterprising agriculturalist.

TREATMENT OF COLTS.—A successful breeder says: When my colts are one year old I begin to teach them to hold a bit in their mouths. The bit is of pine, some half inch in diameter and five inches in length. This is held in the mouth by a piece of cord tied to each end and passed over the head. The colt likes this. It gives him something to bite on, and helps the teething process. After a few days you can arrange the strings as miniature reins and teach the colt the proper use of it. Use a leather bit, large and pliable, and throw your check line in the pig sty."

LARGE ANIMALS.—The desire for large animals is not always judicious. With cows it is questionable if the largest are the best, when the cost of feeding is considered. There are cases in which a dairyman's fancy for large, showy animals may be justified, and it may be granted that a stable well filled with large, showy Dutch or Shorthorn cows is a very pleasing exhibition. But when we come to figure up the cost of the product, it may be a question if the same amount of food were expended upon an equally good looking herd of Ayrshires the milk might not be more cheaply produced. Where the final end of the cow is considered and the amount of beef is an object, that, of course, alters the bearings of the question. But bigness in cows is not always best, either for beauty or profit to the owner.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FIFTY-NINTH YEAR.

TERMS:

$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

CLUB RATES.

One copy, one year	$2.00
Two copies, one year	3.50
Four copies, one year	6.00
Ten copies, one year, and an extra copy to getter-up of club	13.00
Fifteen copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	20.00

Our readers everywhere can aid us by showing THE POST to their friends and asking them to join a club. By doing so you will confer a favor on us and save money for them.

Money for clubs should be sent all at one time. Additions may be made at any time at same rate. It is not necessary that all the subscribers in a club should go to the same Post-office.

Remit always by Post-office money order, draft on Philadelphia or New York, or send money in a registered letter.

☞ To secure the premium oleographs—"The White Mountains" and "The Yellowstone," add Fifty Cents for them, unmounted; or, One Dollar, mounted on canvas and stretcher, to each subscription, whether singly or in clubs.

We send paper and premiums postpaid, in every case.

Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom st., Phila.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 15, 1879.

A NEW STORY.

NEXT week we will begin the publication of another very interesting serial, entitled,

"THE DOCTOR'S SECRET;

OR,

RICHARD WESTWOOD'S WIFE."

In it the gifted authoress has displayed that wonderful talent of character sketching and description which has given her a high rank among the best writers of the age.

THE VALUE OF BEAUTY.

THE most valuable and lasting species of beauty is that which is least cultivated. The young and capricious miss, with an elegant person and finely modeled face, illuminated by bright orbs, and splendidly bedecked with dark shining locks, very often destroys the moral beauty of her nature merely to humor the perverseness of her physical attractions. She trusts in the power of her bodily charms, and she even refuses to provide herself with those of a less perishable nature, which are not serviceable while bodily beauty remains, but especially so when it is fled for ever. She prides herself on her wardrobe of silk and satin, and would encounter any species of pain or hardship to increase it and to furnish herself with gold and with diamonds; but the wardrobe of the mind and heart she takes little care to replenish, as if a young beauty were independent of this, and might make her fortune without it.

It is time enough to begin to be amiable when you begin to be ugly, say some young ladies, or they seem to say it. But nature punishes this perversity in a very striking and remarkable manner. They who refuse to cultivate the moral beauty during the reign of the season of physical beauty, lose the opportunity of possessing themselves of it; and, moreover, they destroy their favorite species of beauty by their independence and neglect of the other. The temper imprints its mark upon the countenance, which very speedily reveals the character of the disposition which lurks behind it. Being a growing power and a vigorous power, which is even strongest at death, it gradually overcomes every obstacle which stands in the way of its own escape into outward observation. It wrinkles the brow, lowers the eyebrows, bends down the curve of the mouth, and pouts the lips, whenever it happens to be of a disagreeable nature; and it gives life and permanent animation to all the lines of the face whenever its course of feeling happens to be of a kind and generous character.

It is no easy matter to begin to be amiable with an unamiable expression of countenance, and an unamiable and fixed habit of behavior. Few have strength of will sufficient to make such a change in their mode of life. It is not by a mere moral resolution that such a conversation can take place. We are fare more likely to become worse than better, when we find attraction of the person to cease after a heartless and imperious reign of fancy beauty. It is no easy task, indeed, to resign ourselves to our fate when our attractions have disappeared, and all at once to correct the scowl and the frown, and the haughty air, and the satirical grin, and the heartless sneer, which have already left their imprints on the face, and made themselves quite at home in the very citadel of expression.

THERE is something inexpressibly touching in the story of Ishmael: the youth was sent into the wilderness of life with his bow and arrow, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." Even in the crowded, busy, and social world, on how many is this doom pronounced! What love makes allowances like household love? God forgive those who turn the household altar into a place of strife! Domestic dissension is the sacrifice of the heart.

THE benefits arising from trained muscular activity are not confined to development of the muscles of the arms, legs, etc. All the functions of nutrition of the body are aided to become effective by the help of exercise. Many of the weaknesses, and much of the suffering, of women would be spared to them if early physical training had given them a strength which would show itself in the vigor of the whole body.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THOUGH it is now usually the dull season in the iron trade, the demand for iron is great, and the prices are tending upward. The Secretary of the Iron and Steel Association of the United States predicts that the product this year will be the largest the country has known. He also believes that the activity which prevails to day in all branches of the iron and steel trade will continue for at least a year to come Nearly all the favorably-situated rolling mills are in operation, and numbers of these mills, as well as furnaces and steel works, have orders ahead for several months. The truth is the iron industry has been so long under a cloud that the actual need of iron throughout the country is enormous.

—

HE who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continual equanimity, and carefully avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body; we know that fright and fear—yes, excess of joy, become deadly. They who are naturally cool, and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not wont to be excited either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happy after their manner. Preserve, therefore, under all circumstances, counsels a standard paper, a composure of mind which no happiness, no misfortune can too much disturb. Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

—

AT length there seems to be some prospect that an end will be put to duelling in the German universities. The authorities at Leipzic have made a formal prohibition of these encounters, and provided for fining inn-keepers who permit them on their premises. It has been the custom of students who exchanged the conventional provocations of "stupid youth" or "pig dog," to meet with their seconds in a private room of some suburban hostelry, and there score one another's cheeks and noses. Their bodies and arms swathed in bandages, and their eyes protected by thick glass goggles, they are set foot to foot, and left to hew away at each other's countenance until one of them is disfigured to such an extent as may be required by the exigencies of their particular quarrel. A Bavarian magistrate lately condemned thirteen students of the Munich High School to from three to six months' imprisonment for acting as principals and seconds in college duels.

—

FAIRS had a religious origin. The custom of a celebration in the neighborhood of a church on the days of particular saints was introduced to England from the Continent, and must have been familiar equally to the Britons and the Saxons; being observed among the churches of Asia in the sixth century, and by those of the west of Europe in the seventh; and equally in Asia and Europe, on the Continent and the islands. These celebrations were the cause of those commercial marts which we call fairs. The people resorted in crowds to the festival, and the prospect of interest drew thither the small traders of the country to offer their wares for sale. Thus among many pavilions of hospitality in the neighborhood of the church various booths were erected for the sale of different commodities. As the festival was observed on a ferior or holiday, it naturally assumed to itself, and as naturally communicated to the marts, the appellation of ferior or fair. The one ecclesiastical language of Western Europe has given us this word as it appears among the Saxons, the Germans, the Britons, and the French, in the forms of fæger, feyer, and faire.

—

A LAUDABLE feature in Chinese manners is, that they do not indulge in public display. There is no social rivalry of ostentation. They reserve for domestic use the luxuries which please the eye or gratify the vanity of their spouses. The shops even, which have no glass fronts like ours, reserve their most showy and expensive goods for customers who enter and ask for them. The streets lose in brilliancy of aspect, but multitudes thereby escape the temptation to buy things they cannot well afford With the exception of the official class, who, to impose on the masses, are obliged to keep up a certain amount of display, simplicity is the rule of good society. Plain cotton vestments—very rarely silk—are the habitual dress of the wealthy, as well as of less favored mortals. Nobody tries to eclipse his neighbor by elaborate and expensive garments Sensible people allow upstarts to make themselves ridiculous by parading in that way their wealth and their bad taste, in the certainty that manners and education will raise an insurmountable barrier between the two. But if the Chinese do not put the whole of their fortunes on their backs, as happens elsewhere occasionally, they indulge within doors in all the comforts, and even luxuries, which their means permit. Such indulgences, confined to private life, excite no envy or emulation amongst the poorer crowd outside.

—

CORNFLOWERS figured largely among the decorations that graced the recent golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and these flowers are great favorites with the royal family. The cornflower of the Germans is nothing but our American bachelor's button, which everyone knows is not a distinguished member of the floral family. It is not, therefore, for its stately bearing or intrinsic beauty that the humble flower has found favor in royal eyes. Years ago, when Prussia lay crushed under the Napoleanic rule, the beloved Louise and her family lived in exile in a village near Konigsberg. The young princes often gathered the flowers growing among the corn. These they carried to their mother, who wore her children's offerings as ornaments, in place of the jewels she had been accustomed to wear as Queen of Prussia. The children never forgot those happy days and the cornflowers associated with them. The beloved mother and Queen has become a memory of the past, but her son William has always cherished the cornflower as his chief favorite during his long career as Prince William, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. The flower has held the most prominent place in the floral ornamentations during the celebration of three great events in Kaiser William's history, all occurring within less than a year—in the thanksgiving festivities which commemorated his escape from assassination last fall, in the jubilee over his 82d birthday on the 22d of March, and in the recent celebration of his golden wedding on the 11th of June.

—

A PARISIAN veterinarian has recently announced his discovery of a certain antidote to the virus of rabies. To prove its value he inoculated sixteen dogs with the virus. abandoned eight of them to nature, and placed the remainder on active treatment. The first eight shortly became rabid and died; the others are still alive and apparently in sound health. In connection with the question of hydrophobia, "contemporary the *Farmer*, quoting *L'Italia Agricola*, recalls a circumstance little known abroad, which was put on record many years ago by Dr. Maraschetti, an Italian surgeon attached to the hospital at Moscow. While traveling in the Ukraine in 1818, there were introduced to his notice fifteen persons who had just been bitten by a dog that was undoubtedly rabid. As the doctor was preparing his remedies he was waited upon by a deputation of respectable persons, who requested that a peasant in the neighborhood whose skill in curing hydrophobia was in high repute, might be permitted to undertake the care of the patients. Doubtful of his own chance of success, Maraschetti consented, on condition that he should be allowed to be present and personally supervise the measures adopted by the countryman. The latter gave fourteen of the patients a decoction of broom flowers to drink, and twice a day he carefully examined the inferior surface of the tongues, to see, as he expressed it, "whether any bottom containing the poison had formed." Where these appeared they were opened and cauterised with a red-hot iron. The whole of these fourteen patients recovered, and Maraschetti saw them three years afterwards in perfect health. The fifteenth patient, who was put under ordinary medical treatment, developed symptoms of hydrophobia at the end of the seventh day, and succumbed to that disease. Willing to learn from every source, Maraschetti thenceforth adopted the method of treatment employed by the peasant quack, and relates that by its means he was able to cure four patients subsequently coming under his notice in Poland, who had been bitten badly by dogs what were undoubtedly rabid.

—

IT is a familiar experience that certain bodily pains vary in their phases according to the weather, but probably few have made exact scientific observations of this to any considerable extent. A series of such observations, made with much ability and perseverance, has lately been reported to the American Academy of Science by Prof. Mitchell. They are by Captain Catlin, of the United States Army, who lost a leg during the war, and since that time has suffered a good deal from traumatic neuralgia. He carefully noted, during five years, the effects produced on him by changes of the weather. For the first quarters of these five years there were 2 470 hours of pain; for the second quarters, 2 100 hours of pain; for the third quarters 2 056 hours; and for the last quarters 2 221 hours. The best "yield of pain" is in January, February and March, and the poorest in the third quarter, July, August and September. During these five years, while the sun was south of the equator, there were 4,692 hours of pain, against 4 258 hours, while it was north of the equator. The average duration of the attacks for the first quarters was 23 hours, and for the third quarters 17 hours. Now taking the four years ending January 1, 1879, it is found that of the 537 storms chartered by the Signal Bureau, 298 belong to the winter quarters, against 239 for the summer quarters. Hence we have the ratio of the number of storms of the winter and summer quarters corresponding to the ratio of the amounts of neuralgia for these respective periods; and the ratio duration of each attack for the same time corresponds closely with the ratio of the respective total amounts of neuralgia for the same periods. The average distance of the storm centre at the beginning of the neuralgic attacks was 680 miles. Storms from the Pacific coast are felt furthest off very soon after or as they are crossing the Rocky Mountains, while storms along the Atlantic coast are associated with milder forms of neuralgia, which are not felt until the storm centre is nearer. Rain is not essential in the production of neuralgia. The severest neuralgic attacks of the year were those accompanying the first snow of November and December. One other interesting observation is as follows:—Every storm sweeping across the continent consists of a vast rain area, at the centre of which is a moving space of greatest barometric depression. The rain usually precedes this storm centre by 550 to 600 miles, but before and around the rain lies a belt, which may be called the neuralgia margin of the storm, and which precedes the rain about 160 miles. This fact is very deceptive, because the sufferer may be on the far edge of the storm basin of barometric depression and, seeing nothing of the rain yet have pain due to the storm.

REGRET.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

Wand'ring through deserted bowers
Where a summer beauty bloomed,
See we dead the faded flowers
Winter's early coming doomed.
Coldly lie the once warm petals,
Wild the chilling storm-winds fret,
While bleak leaves and tossing branches
Moan their dirge of sad regret.

Dancing o'er the smiling waters
Yielding to the gentle breeze,
Sail the good ships in their glory,
Up and down the fickle seas.
Not one thought of gales or terrors,
Till the fierce blast's sullen roar
Sings its requiem to the ruins
Of the wrecks that strew the shore.

Human life is but a flower,
Human hopes are vessels frail—
Long the dreary winter lingers,
Far more loudly swells the gale.
Faith is slain and hearts are broken,
Dreams are dreamt that ne'er may be—
Life's bloom is dead—the bark sent forth
In youth returns no more to me.

A Strange Legacy.

BY H. C.

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE DORMER, do you think it is just of you to judge Clarence so severely? Do you make allowance for his peculiar temperament and disposition? Is not my uncle a little prejudiced?" And the speaker, a young girl, wound her arms as she spoke round the neck of the old man addressed, and looked lovingly into his face.

"No, Grace, I do not think your 'dear uncle' is prejudiced against Clarence Masterson. Observation tells me that the young fellow is selfish, and I say so only after having seen signs and symptoms of the unmanly quality. I judge from what I see; and I say any girl who marries him will end by becoming—

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

"Uncle John, you are a deal too hard upon poor Clarence. It is the only time in my life that I ever knew you to be unkind;" and the soft blue eyes looked reproachfully at him through their tears, like dew crowned forget-me-nots.

"Well, well, Gracie, wipe away your tears, child; and if it please you, I will try to like Clarence. Perhaps, after all, he is only the same as other young fellows of his age; and perhaps I am a cross grained, fidgety old man, and not much of a judge of young people."

"Oh, yes, you are; and you are the dearest and kindest of uncles; but in this case you are a little—just a little mistaken,—nothing more Now confess—do you not think so?" And Grace Dormer knelt down by the side of the old man's chair, and looked lovingly into the kind face that was bent towards her.

"Child," he said—and his voice shook with earnestness as he spoke—"I wish I could make you understand that I have your interest at heart more than any earthly feeling now. Listen, and I will tell you a little history.

"There were two brothers once. The eldest was a tall, handsome young fellow, whom every one loved and admired; the younger was ordinary and common place enough to look at, and he made few friends. These brothers both fell in love with a rich banker's daughter. Of course the elder won her. For a little time they were very happy; and the younger brother was glad that the only woman whom he had ever loved should be so, though it might not be with him. After a while the great bank with which the wife's fortune was connected stopped payment, and from that moment the young husband began to treat his wife with harshness and neglect As time passed on, they had great poverty to struggle against. In the midst of it the husband died, leaving a wife and baby to his brother's care When, after a few months, the baby was left upon its young uncle's hands he decided to devote his life entirely to it—perhaps thinking that, from out of the peaceful home above, the young mother's blue eyes could follow and bless his footsteps; or perhaps he was haunted by some old, old words, which came to him day by day as he worked for the child: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' Whatever the motive, it was strong enough to nerve the self constituted guardian of the child to the attainment of great wealth. And now, Gracie, dear," Mr. Dormer concluded, "do you think the uncle wishes to see any young man come and seek to marry the treasure he has so long and so faithfully guarded, merely for the sake of the great wealth he has gathered and heaped together for her?"

"I knew it was your own story you were telling me," whispered Grace; "and oh, dear uncle, how I love and bless you for the tender care you have taken of the little child. I see now that all your thought is for my happiness; and to increase it dearest uncle, will you not say that you will try and like Clarence a little?"

"Of course I will, child; as I said before, I may be no judge of young men, being so old myself. I told you my story only to show you that you are my single thought, and also to point out your young mother's mistake as a caution to yourself. And now order in tea, dear; for I see Clarence Masterson himself coming up the garden, and he may be hungry after a day's hard work."

Hungry he might possibly be; but no one noting the easy, lazy saunter of the gentleman in question could help entertaining very serious doubts as to whether so elaborate an exquisite could perform hard work at all. The tailor's perfect cut certainly set off to great advantage his strong, well moulded form, which seemed in entire unison with the handsome, aristocratic face fully exposed to view as he raised his hat to Miss Dormer standing at the open window.

"It is too insufferably hot for anything," he said, as he took off a pair of dainty pearl-colored gloves, exposing a jewelled hand, white and small as a woman's. "I declare, Miss Dormer, such weather as this is only fit for one to lie in the shade and imbibe The hotter the day the greater amount of duty seems to be required of us. Of course, because to day is exceedingly hot, Her Majesty must need hold a drawing-room; and for goodness knows how many mortal hours we poor beggars of the Household had to sit on those unfortunate horses, in order that the burning sun might try his double extra condensed and concentrated rays upon us. It is an awful life!"

The abused young Guardsman wiped his handsome face upon his perfumed handkerchief, and looked the injured ideal he pictured so perfectly that Grace could not help laughing.

"It may be very laughable to you, Grace," he said; "you have all the fun of it. How would you like to sit like a monument on horseback for an unlimited number of hours in a broiling sun, while old women with objectionable baskets keep prodding your horse's sides, and blue-bottles make your face the aim and object of their lives? It is no laughing matter, dear, and you ought to feel sorry for me."

"I am sorry for you when you do not look such an epitome of *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, bound in a single young Guardsman," she replied. "But now, I think, if you will exert yourself to accompany me, we shall find tea waiting for us, with uncle John, in the dining-room."

It was a very bright, merry tea-table, and Clarence Masterson entirely forgot his indolence in his endeavor to amuse and entertain. When he chose, no one could be more fascinating or brilliant; but it was not on every occasion that he cared to exert himself to shine. No one seeing him that bright Summer evening could entertain a moment's doubt but that he wished to stand high in the opinion of Mr. Dormer and of his niece.

"I think I will go down the road a little way, and meet Archie," said the old man, rising from the table. "It is a glorious evening, and the walk will do me good. If he comes by the Hadleigh road, Grace, you can send him after me, as he will be one too many here."

"I should think he would!" observed Clarence Masterson, in a low voice, as Mr. Dormer left the room. "We do not want that pale faced individual to help us with our love making, do we, Grace? I expect he is only sneaking round the old gentleman in the hope of a small legacy."

"And if he gets 'a small legacy' he will have deserved it," replied Grace. "Anyone who does me such a service as saving the life of the only being who has ever loved me deserves a reward; and if uncle John left every penny he had to Archie Gordon, I should think that he was not half repaid."

"There you go, little enthusiast," said Clarence Masterson, laughing. "Grace, darling, I wish you would try and look at things in a rational light. Any member of the Humane Society would have done as much as this young hero has done; and it would have been infinitely wiser had your uncle given him a ten pound note and dismissed him, instead of encouraging him to come here night after night in the way he does."

Grace lifted her head, and looked Clarence full in the face; her uncle's caution had never risen so strongly to her mind as then.

"If you do not wish me to think you are selfish, Clarence, you will never talk in that strain again," she said.

"My darling one," replied the Guardsman, "I did not mean anything; I was only joking. If I am a little bit jealous of Gordon coming here so often, it all springs from my love for you. I am afraid that he may grow fond of you dearest,—that is all."

When did the voice of a handsome man fail to gain credence in a woman's heart, especially when that woman was so unsophisticated and genuine in every feeling as simple-hearted Grace Dormer? Clarence Masterson had not long to plead for pardon. Grace thought as she looked at his handsome face, that he must do something very dreadful before she could refuse forgiveness.

After some time the young couple passed through the open window into the garden. Amidst the brightly tinted flowers crowned with the dying rays of the setting sun they whispered their love, and the air carried away the happy laughter of the young Guardsman and his beautiful promised bride. Meanwhile the old man retraced his way, accompanied by Archie Gordon. Was it to be wondered that Mr Dormer was so fond of the man to whom, under Providence, he owed his life? Surely not, if you look into the pale, trustworthy face; if you read in those large dark eyes the steadfast truth they shadow with their low black lashes, if you grasp the great strong brown hand, and feel in its firm hold the wordless assurance that you may rely upon it.

The evening passed quickly at Mr. Dormer's, and the moon was shining brightly when the two young men wended their way townwards.

"I say, Gordon, suppose you come round by my rooms—I am expecting some of our fellows," said Clarence Masterson, as he lighted a cigar, "and we mean to go into *ecarte* and *baccarat*, and make a night of it. I have some splendid Liebfraumilch and Moet—got in a lot on the strength of Dormer's heiress. Will you come and join us?"

"I think not, Masterson," replied Archie. "Cards and wine are not to my taste. How should I ever get my articles written if I were to muddle my brains with such things as those?"

"Confound his impudence!" muttered Captain Masterson, as he turned on his heels towards his rooms; "I wonder what in creation is to that fellow's taste?"

CHAPTER II.

FEW persons, standing in the large garden surrounding Dormer House, would have imagined that they were but a few minutes' journey by rail from London. The birds sang as sweetly, and the sun shone as brightly, as though they were miles and miles away from the pageantry and pomp the squalid misery and sin, with which the streets of the great city overflow.

John Dormer was one of those fortunate men whose mercantile life was a series of brilliant successes. Everything he put his hand to seemed to prosper, until at last he considered that he had toiled sufficiently, and settled down with his niece to the quiet enjoyment of the harvest he had gathered so industriously. His was one of those earnest, thorough natures, with which, unfortunately, we do not very frequently meet in our walk through life. All the brightness and beauty of living faded from his future when his "Love's young dream" was ended.

John Dormer cherished no sinful affection for his brother's wife; he loved her so truly that her happiness was the one object he had ever before him; but the soft green moss which covered her grave in Helstone churchyard was not greener than the grave of buried love which had lain for long years in the faithful heart of the old man. People used to wonder when they saw "young Mr. Dormer," as they called him, come home from the city in the long bright summer evenings, and spend the golden sunset hours with the little blue-eyed child. They wondered that he cared to listen to her baby-laughter as she sat upon the grass amongst the flowers he gathered for her, or rode upon his shoulder beneath the stately elms. They wondered at the strange yearning look which came into his eyes when he heard her sweet, infantine shout of glee and saw the little legs run down to the gate to meet him—at the depth of tenderness and affection the young man showed for his baby charge. Ah, they marvelled; and do we not each do the same? We are far too prone, all of us, to seek no farther than the surface; and, knowing no more and seeing no deeper, we sit in severe judgment upon our fellow creatures. There come beauty, and brightness, and love to all human lives; and the pinched and withered old maid, and the soured and bad tempered bachelor who excite our mirth, carry each in their hearts the half-forgotten strains of the immortal melody which made their young lives sweet with unutterable beauty.

The days of John Dormer and his niece went on, and year by year Grace grew closer and closer round his heart, until, at the time we have introduced her, he seemed to have no thought for anything beyond her welfare. It had troubled him to see the growing influence which Clarence Masterson's handsome face exercised over her, and it was a very reluctant consent he finally gave to their engagement. That consent would never have been given at all had John Dormer known that a sentence of his own had obtained for his niece the honor of the offer made by Captain Masterson. "Grace will have everything when I die," he had said in one of his conversations with the young Guardsman, in reply to a remark cleverly made in order to ascertain whether the report to that effect was true. And from that time Clarence Masterson used his utmost endeavors to win Grace Dormer. She was too much of a woman not to feel flattered and gratified by the attention of the handsome soldier, and she was of too true and unsophisticated a nature to dream that it was not herself so much as the "jingling of the guinea," and her uncle's enormous balance at Messrs. Henry and Co.'s bank, which had attracted him. Such men as Clarence Masterson are incapable of feeling real affection for any one beyond themselves, and they value their friends only from their capacity to minister to their selfish wants.

The young Guardsman stood in the hot summer sunshine on the steps of his club, talking gaily to one or two acquaintances, when Archie Gordon passed.

"Who is that man, Masterson?" asked one of them.

"Lord Hawkesbield," he replied.

"No, no, not that fool you bowed to your boots to," said his companion; "I mean the man you just nodded to."

"Oh, that fellow," replied Clarence; "he is nobody in particular. His name is Gordon—Archie Gordon—and he is a poor devil of a quill driver; writes for magazines and reviews. He is a hanger on at Dormer House. I believe he once fished the old man out of the river when he met with an accident, and the aged individual is always having him out there from motives of gratitude."

Lieutenant Greestow laughed.

"Perhaps," said he, "Captain Masterson fears the idea of so good-looking a rival?"

The Captain shrugged his shoulders and smiled contemptuously.

Shortly afterwards he hailed a hansom, and proceeded to the station, *en route* for Helstone.

"I think I will go round by the longest way," he said to himself, as he stood on the platform at Helstone. "The evenings get so confoundly slow, prosing, with Grace about the gardens at Dormer By Jove! when the old fellow dies, I will make that house into a palace. I wonder how much longer he means to live. Well, I am not in a hurry to take a wife, but I am in a deuce of a hurry to touch Dormer's money. I am in what I might call a regular Jewish plantation, and only one way out. Halloo! whatever can that be?"

Captain Masterson was looking over the low wall into Helstone Churchyard as he spoke, and his exclamation had reference to what seemed to be the body of some one lying on the ground under the shadow of the church.

Whether from a feeling of curiosity, or from some sort of intuition that something had happened, Clarence threw away the end of his cigar, and, vaulting the wall, proceeded with rapid footsteps towards the object on the soft green turf. Upon nearer approach he saw it to be a man lying with his face downwards, and he was moving away again, supposing it to be some drunken villager, when something struck him.

"It is a funny attitude to fall to sleep in," he said as he bent over the prostrate figure. Suddenly he started back and became deadly pale: "Why, it's Mr. Dormer!"

In a second or two he had turned the old man over on his back, unfastened his necktie, and thrown open his waistcoat; but John Dormer was far beyond the sound of mortal voice; his eyes had already opened upon the untold glories of the Perfect Land, and he had reached it lying upon the grave of the woman he loved.

Captain Masterson's face was almost as colorless as the one over which he now bent. In a degree he was shocked at the sudden and awful death of his old friend.

"By Jove! he must have been lying dead here when I was wondering how much longer he had to live," he said, as he stood over the still form. And there is poor Grace. I must get some help to remove him, and go and break the news to her. I suppose he was worth some thousands. Well, I shall know very soon now."

There was a gleam in Masterson's eye as he threw back his head with a proud, impatient movement, which very closely resembled that of triumph.

"Gordon! Gordon! I say, come here!" shouted Clarence, desperately, as he caught a glimpse of Archie passing along by the low wall. In two minutes Archie Gordon was by the side of Clarence, and kneeling down upon the soft moss beside his kind old friend.

"He has gone and left her," he said, more to himself than to his companion; and his manhood lost nothing of its manliness because the eyes which dwelt upon the peaceful face were dim with unshed tears.

"Will you stay with him while I go and break the news to Grace, Gordon? Or, stop—I hate and detest 'scenes' and tears. I think I would rather keep watch here, if you will go and tell Grace. And just put your head into the 'Helstone Arms,' and send some men and a stretcher here to remove the poor old fellow."

Captain Masterson assumed undisputed command, and Archie rose at once to carry his wishes into effect.

"See that they lift him up tenderly," was all he said, as he hastened towards Dormer House.

Perhaps if Archie had not been so full of distress at the death of the kind old man

whom he loved as a father, it might have occured to him that it should have been from Clarence, and not for himself that Grace should have received the sad intelligence.

"Have you seen my uncle?" she asked, as she met him at the gate.

One look into his face told her that something had happened, and without a word she submitted to be led into the house and into a room which did not overlook the garden, where Archie gradually told her all.

A veil may be drawn over the grief which followed. Soon afterwards poor Grace saw the only parent she had ever known laid to rest beneath the soft fresh moss upon which he had been found.

CHAPTER III.

"OF course it is only a matter of form to ask you to read Mr. Dormer's will, Mr. Sharpe," said Captain Masterson to the family lawyer, after the funeral. "I believe everything belongs to Miss Dormer?"

"I believe so, Captain Masterson," replied Mr. Sharpe; "and if you will request the presence of Miss Dormer, we will proceed at once."

Grace came, pale and beautiful, and sat with hands folded upon her crape dress, neither hearing or seeing anything that passed during the reading of her uncle's will, until Clarence laid his hand upon her shoulder upon the departure of the lawyer.

"There, my darling!" he said, in a joyous tone he could not disguise. "Did you hear it all? You are sole heiress and legatee, and all the rest of it, of John Dormer, Esq., of Dormer House, Helstone. What are you going to do with that stick, Grace? Get a glass-case made for it?"

"What stick Clarence?"

"Why, bless the girl! I do believe she never heard a word. Look here," he added, taking up a paper from the table, "old Sharpe left this copy for me to look over. Now listen to this: 'And I likewise will and bequeath to my niece, Grace Dormer, my gold headed walking stick, with the opal set in the handle, and I charge her to keep it ever, and never by any chance to part with it, as it has been my companion and help in many a weary hour, and I should like to think she would keep it in remembrance of me.' There, Grace you see it is a special charge, and I hope you are filled with the importance thereof. Where is the thing?"

Grace brought it out of the hall, and put it into his hands. It was a thick species of cane, with a quaint carved gold top, into which an enormous and valuable opal was let.

"Well, of all the rummy old fashioned looking things I ever saw," exclaimed Captain Masterson, examining it "it beats all! I will tell you a good idea, dear. Have the opal taken out and set in a ring; it will be far better than cherishing this old bamboo. I will pick it out and take it to the jeweler's if you wish."

"No Clarence, it shall never be touched," said Grace, taking it from him. "It was an especial favorite of my poor uncle's, and it shall always remain as it is."

"As you wish, dearest," he replied, carelessly, and soon afterwards he left Grace and her sorrow alone.

The weeks glided on imperceptibly; summer faded into Autumn and Autumn into winter, and still Grace led her lonely life at Dormer House. Through the agency of a kind friend, she had secured the companionship of a widow lady, a Mrs. Pickering, and the days of mourning passed almost unnoticed and unmarked at Helstone. Of course Clarence was a constant visitor—that is, as constant as he found to be compatible with the full indulgence of his numerous enjoyments and pleasures, not the least of which did he ever feel inclined to relinquish for the company of his *fiances* and *chaperone*.

Archie Gordon acted very differently; he spent every evening he could in literary pursuits in reading to Grace and Mrs. Pickering, and in doing his utmost to make the long winter evenings less dreary to the lonely orphan.

It was not to be supposed that a young man of Archie's refined and dreamy nature could be thrown day by day into intercourse with a beautiful girl like Grace, without finding that he came to look forward too eagerly and longingly to the time when he should be again by her side, listening to the music of her low sweet voice. Their natures and tastes were too much in unison with each other for them not to be drawn imperceptibly closer as daily intercourse unfolded more of the hidden sympathies by which they were bound. Grace would often listen to Archie's tones, full of earnestness and feeling, as he

> Lent to the rhyme of the poet
> The music of his voice.

She would often look into his face as it glowed with the deep feeling to which the words of the grand poems he read had moved him, and she would awake with a blush and a start from the dreaming regret with which she had been wondering why this was not also the case with Clarence.

As for Archie, he kept telling himself that it was time he stopped his visits to Dormer House: that Grace's words and smiles were becoming dangerously pleasant; that it would never do to be getting to love Captain Masterson's promised wife. Getting to love?—why, he knew already that he loved her a thousands times more than aught else that breathed beneath the pale white stars.

The winter's snow lay thick upon the crowded streets and thoroughfares of the great city. Happy children's faces looked out upon it from the handsome houses in Belgravia, and laughed with glee as the white flakes chased each other madly through the cold piercing air; yet many of those happy children were destined before the day was out to be but a few degrees removed from the state of the beggar shivering at their doors.

Daintly nurtured men came down that cold, morning with the smiling pity upon their lips for "the poor wretch of a postman" who had to brave the snow to bring them their letters and papers; and yet many of them would be glad to change places with him, as the news of the day, the failure of Messrs. Henry and Co.'s bank, met their gaze, and froze the laugh and jest upon their whitened lips.

The news came to Captain Masterson, as he sat in his comfortable rooms, blowing great clouds of perfumed smoke from a silver mounted narghile; and an hour afterwards he was driving to the bank to see as to the truth of the report for himself. It was all too sadly true; the miserable scene outside the closed doors only too distinctly told him this.

"Grayson," he said, accosting one of the clerks belonging to the bank, whom he recognised amongst the crowd—"Grayson, is it true that everything has gone?—is there no hope that something may be saved?"

"Not a penny for any one, Captain Masterson. It has been coming on for months; thousands at this very moment are left beggars."

"Dormer's name is on your books; I suppose he fares no better than any of these?" asked the Captain, waving his hand towards the assembled crowd.

"No; John Dormer's money goes with the rest. There are hundreds who lose more than he will. I consider Mr. Dormer about the most fortunate of them all," replied the clerk.

Truly he was that day, when so many homes were desolated and broken up. Ay, it was indeed well with John Dormer, though the cold snow lay thick upon the old man's grave!

Two days afterwards, when Grace knew that all her worldly goods consisted of the house she lived in and the grounds surrounding it, the postman handed her a letter, with the Masterson crest emblazoned in green and gold on the envelope.

"Now we shall see why Clarence has not been near us since the bank failure, Mrs. Pickering," said Grace, opening the letter.

As she read, her face grew pale, and her eyes filled with tears which she could not suppress.

"There is his reason," she said, in a trembling voice, tossing the letter over to her companion; and Mrs. Pickering lifted it up at once, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR MISS DORMER.—It is with the greatest possible reluctance that I am compelled to add in any way to the trouble which I am sure you must be experiencing, with so many hundreds of others, in consequence of the great bank failure. I think you will agree with the truth of what I say, when I tell you that for many reasons I consider it best that the engagement between us should cease. When that engagement was first made, it was entered upon under very different circumstances, and I could not be so selfish as to wish to fulfil it when it could bring nothing but misery to you. As I cannot condemn you to a life of poverty—which a marriage with me would be—I stifle my own feelings in the matter, and release you; fervently praying that you may never suffer as keenly as I have done in setting aside my own wishes to accomplish what I hope may prove to be for your future happiness. With every expression of sympathy, I remain, dear Miss Dormer, your faithful friend,

"CLARENCE MASTERSON."

"If ever I meet that man again I will beat him with my umbrella!" said kind-hearted little Mrs. Pickering, flushing crimson with indignation; "and as for wanting in any way, that shall never be, Grace. I have enough of my own little fortune left to keep both of us from having to starve or steal. Now do not speak of it, for I will not hear a word."

Grace did not mind losing her fortune half so much as she minded losing her handsome young soldier lover; but, as the weeks wore on, she learned to see that it was wiser and best as it was, and that events were shaping themselves for her happiness, though at first she was blinded, and could not see it.

It came to her in the first days of bright, early spring, when the birds sang their sweetest, and the soft fresh air came to her laden with the beauty, of the old, old story, which Archie Gordon whispered amidst the tender young leaves in the rosy light of the dying sun; and as Grace placed her little hand in his great brown palm, and looked into the eyes which had never changed in their love for her in her wealth and in her poverty, she felt that not until then had she known what the real meaning of love was. Mrs. Pickering was delighted, for Archie was first favorite with the kind little woman, who had seen and sympathised with his affection for Grace from the first day of her life at Dormer House.

It was a very quiet wooing and a very quiet wedding. Bride and bridegroom walked through the green lanes to the little church, and lingered hand in hand for a few minutes by the side of John Dormer's grave.

"Oh, Archie," whispered Grace, "if he could see and bless us, what happiness it would be!"

"Perhaps he can do both, darling," said Archie. "It is what he would like best, I think. We can never forget him, dear Grace."

"Never," she answered, as she passed with him up the aisle, while the sun shone on the dimmed blue eyes.

* * * * *

Five years have come and gone, with their chances and their changes, since Grace's marriage; and "The Dormitory," as Archie insists upon calling Dormer House, is merry with the music and the melody of childish laughter, and the sound of little pattering feet. These wee ones were busy in the hall one day, following the example and obeying the direction of Dormer, Grace's eldest boy, and making a fearful noise, when the voice of their father sounded from the study,—"Children, what are you doing?"

"We are only making a train, papa; and oh, papa, the top's flied off!" answered little Dormer, distressed. "Will you mend it for me, papa?" asked the child, opening the study door, and holding a stick in one hand and a gold knob, in which a splendid opal shone, in the other.

"Dormer! Dormer! what will mamma say? Don't you know she loved that stick very dearly, because it was uncle John's?"

Archie took it in his hands, amidst Dormer's assurances that it 'flied off." A bit of soft paper fell from out the cane and he spread it open. It was a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds.

"Run, Dormer, and call mamma!" he cried; and before Grace had time to enter the room he had drawn several more notes from their hiding place.

'Grace, my darling, here is your legacy!" he cried, in great excitement. "Your uncle John's walking stick is crammed full of bank notes!"

Grace Gordon and her husband understood in an instant that that was the old man's manner of securing his niece's happiness by rendering it apparently impossible that Captain Masterson should be induced to marry her for her fortune. Months before his death he had drawn the bulk of his money from Messrs. Henry and Co.'s bank leaving a sum sufficient to bring in enough to keep Grace from having to earn her living in any way, at the same time too little to render her the quarry for fortune hunters.

The old man's desire was accomplished, and the child whom he had loved so tenderly and so well was rich beyond words in the possession of a love that had been weighed in the balance and was not wanting.

It seemed to Clarence Masterson as if all the world rang with the praises of Mrs. Gordon the celebrated author's beautiful wife. One evening, as he was walking down Park Lane, one of the hall doors opened and Grace came out accompanied by Archie, both of them driving off in their carriage to the Countess of Darton's reception. Captain Masterson was evidently forgotten; and as he saw the love and happiness which filled her face as she turned towards her husband, the bitter unavailing regret of the lost queen rose to his lips—

> Ah, my God,
> What might I have made of Thy fair world,
> Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?

At the Goodwood races Mrs. Langtry appeared twice, the first time wearing black silk with a cuirass waist covered with a net work of gold, and the second time arrayed in blue and white muslin. Mrs. Cornwallis West wore a raspberry cream chintz and a claret velvet bonnet, and the second day she attired herself in pale blue, with a black hat. At the Sandown Park races, Mrs. Langtry wore black and white checked silk.

Somebody has invented a language of postage stamps, and so ingeniously attributed meanings to every possible position in which a stamp can be placed that the only course left open to a reticent person is to tack the stamp to the corner of an envelope with thread, and possibly the Postmaster would object to that.

HOME-LIFE OF THE ZULUS.

THE following sketch of the social life, domestic manners and customs of the Zulus, compiled from the most recent books on South Africa, may be of interest to our readers.

Zulu history, begins about 1812 when King Chaka became chief of the petty tribe which by his military genius he raised into a large and powerful nation. Chaka while a lad in exile had heard from some sailors of the exploits of the great Napoleon and this had fired his ambition to become the Napoleon of South Africa.

Under Chaka the whole manhood of the fast growing Zulu nation was put under compulsory military service, and this has continued to be the law of the country under the three kings—Dingaan, Panda, and Ketchwayo—who succeeded him. This unique army of at least fifty thousand fighting men is divided into regiments, each having its own military kraal or headquarters. Some of these regiments are composed of married men, others of bachelors; but no man is allowed to marry without the express sanction of the king, and never until the men are past middle age, and have washed their spears' in an enemy's blood. If the maidens so chosen refuse to marry at the king's order, and especially if they are detected in love affairs with men too young to marry, their punishment by the stern Zulu law is death.

The military kraals of each regiment are the villages of Zululand, and it is to them we must go to see the home life of the people. These kraals consist of a large field, surrounded by a circular stockade about ten feet high, constructed of wattles firmly twisted together. Inside this fence are the huts of the natives, which are built by fixing in the ground a number of pliants poles in a circle, and then bringing their points together at the summit, and fastening them with ropes of hide. The walls outside and in are daubed over with clay; and the floor is also composed with clay, stamped down and polished hard by friction. The Zulu hut is not at all an uncomfortable or unsightly dwelling, though affording but a single room for the accommodation of the family. A partition of wattles, however, divided the interior of a married man's hut into two parts, of which the left hand room, as one opens the door of wattles, is given over to the women and children, while the other apartment is reserved to the master of the house and his male companions.

The kraals of unmarried regiments differ to this extent from the others, that they are each under the immediate care of an 'induna' or chief, who strictly looks after the men and provides for their maintenance. In a corner of the inclosure, away from the huts, in each of which is the Zulu colonel's domestic establishment, the houses of his wives, and the huts of his slaves; while in the centre of the great enclosure is his cattle-pen.

Cattle form the only riches of the Zulu; these are the only medium of exchange, and the only means of acquiring power and getting wives. Polygamy is universal; and whenever a man gets leave to marry, the only limit to the number of wives he can take is his power of buying and maintaining them. Each wife costs so many cattle to buy and for each wife so bought the husband must provide a separate hut; so if a man is wealthy he may continue adding new wives to his household to the end of his days.

Thus females are little better than slaves; and to them falls the task of digging and hoeing the fields, sowing and reaping the maize crops, grinding the corn, weaving mats, and most of the other simple industrial labors of the country. Now and then an obliging young man may condescend to help in sowing and harvesting grain; but in no other labor will they help the women; while again there are certain departments of work which are exclusively confined to men, and in which the women dare not engage. It is not surprising to find that three of these are hut building, the construction of fenced kraals, and the making of weapons; but the fourth is very strange. This is the task of milking cows, which is esteemed rather as a kind of recreation, the practice being to suck the cow's udder with the mouth, and to discharge the milk by mouthfuls into the pail.

The food of the Zulus is simple, and consists of millet, 'mealies' or maize, and milk with now and then beef and mutton from their herds. A Zulu company on the war-path is followed by a company of lads, who bear a few days' supply of maize, the sleeping mats and blankets of the warriors, and who insist on driving a small herd of cattle, proportionate to the time the particular expedition is expected to last.

An English servant writes to one of the London papers, in explanation of the high price of meat, which, he says, arises from the fact that, as a rule, in wealthy families eight or ten times more food is put on the dinner table than can possibly be eaten, either in the dining room or in the kitchen, and, as a consequence, a great deal turns bad and has to be thrown away.

HALF-HEARTED.

BY S. M.

If I could love thee, Love, a little more,
If thy fair love outlived the brief sweet rose—
If in my golden field were all thy store,
And all my joy within thy garden close—
Then would I pray my heart to be full fond
For ever, and a little bit beyond.

If daffodil and primrose were not frail,
If snow drop died not ere the dying day—
If I were true as Daphnis in the tale,
If thou couldst love as Juliet in the play—
Then would I teach my heart to be full fond
Forever, and a little bit beyond.

But since I fear I am but wayward true,
And wayward false, fair love thou seem'st to be—
Since I some day must sigh for something new
And each day thou for life's monotony—
Prithee, stay here ere yet we grow too fond,
And let me pass a little bit beyond.

My Uncle's Story.

BY W. H. H.

"DID you ever have a wife?" I said to my Uncle Bob, when he had said something that struck me as sounding rather curiously upon his lips.

"Ay, lass," replied uncle. "I've had my story and a few know it Fat as I am, and old as I am, I was once as slender a young fellow as ever shipped at sea against his parents' will They wanted to make a counter jumper of me, and I tried it about a year.

"Then I jumped the counter for good, and the only thing I ever regretted was the way my mother took it to heart.

"Yes, there was one thing more. That was Jennie Blush.

"She was old Blush's only daughter, and the prettiest girl I ever saw. Father and old Blush were fast friends, and when they found out that I was sweet on Jennie, they put their heads together and resolved to sanction the match

"Well, Jennie and I were fond of each other, and knew it already; so, the old folks being agreeable, we saw a good deal of each other on Sundays and evenings.

"I used to wish I could make up my mind to it, and stay ashore; but I couldn't.

"One night I ran away, and you couldn't have coaxed me back again.

'I got a letter from mammy that cut me up, I don't deny; but I knew she'd come around, and I didn't guess the worst—how should I? When I first went home mother scolded, and cried and kissed me and brother Charles Augustus pitched into me and said—

"'You've disgraced your family. We've been respectable all our lives, and now we're to have a comm in sailor for a brother'

"I caught it—a reg'lar gale, and father put in his oar regarding disobedience. When that came I cleared out, and marched over to old Blush's.

"Nobody was at home but Jennie, and she ran into my arms.

"Well, we were billing and cooing when old Blush came home.

"'What do you want here, sir?' said he.

"Said I—

"'Don't you recollect me, Mr. Blush? I'm Bob Ballast'

"'I recollect you well enough; and how dare you show your face here?"

"'I came to see my Jennie.'

"'Your Jennie!" said he. 'My good fellow, Miss Jennie B'ush is no match for a common sailor before the mast, you have your choice of quietly walking out or of being kicked out.'

"When he said that, my fists were beyond my control; and the last I saw of old Blush, he was on his back on the hearthrug

"I saw Jennie on the sly next day, and tried to get her to run away, but the girl had a will of her own, and knew her duty.

"The sight of Jennie as I left her, with her yellow hair blown back, haunted me for many a long day; and though I loved the sea, there were times when, looking over the side, I used to fancy a voice deep down in the waves whispering her words over again—

"'You've done it yourself, Bob. You liked the sea better than me, and now you've got it.'

"I got on well enough. Before I knew it I was second mate, then first mate, then captain I suppose I should have sailed the sea till they buried me in it if it hadn't been for my first mate, John Hamlin.

"I loved that fellow as I might have loved a brother, if I'd had one that understood me. At Gibraltar Hamlin got into a row with some soldiers They'd all been drinking together. Of course, I took his part. They had firearms about them, and used 'em on each other I didn't save Hamlin, for they shot him dead; but I got a couple of bullets in me, and was picked up just as near Davy Jones's locker as man ever was who didn't go into it.

"I got well again after awhile, though, and then it came into my mind how John had been talking about his girls, who had no mother, the day before he died, and so when I came home I went to see after 'em, and do what I could for an old mate's children that hadn't been left too well off

"I found them half starved, poor souls, for the woman they were with were given to drink, and kept them on short food; and as folks told me I must, I put them in black frocks—they'd have felt just as bad in red—and settled down to be comfortable.

"Soon I looked out for a chaplain, to pass Sunday as it ought to be; and Eben Tooker's church being handy, I shipped under him along with the girls.

"One day he spoke about poor Hamlin's girl's

"'You send them to school, I hope?' he said.

"'I haven't done it, but surely,' said I—'I wanted to do the best by poor John's children that I could—surely; just mention a school, chaplain.'

"Said he—

"'My own are under the care of the person who plays our organ—a highly estimable lady in reduced circumstances. Her school is close by.'

"So he wrote the name and address on a card, and I promised to take the girls there. Monday morning we set sail. I bought 'em spelling books and slates, and by nine o'clock we were at the door.

"There I looked for the card, and behold, I'd lost it. Howsoever, I was in port, and could hail the lady.

"So I lugged 'em in, and made my reverence

"'Duty, ma'am,' I said. 'Here's two girls as needs instruction. Mr. Tooker recommended you to give it to 'em, and whatever extra it is for playin' the organ, let 'em larn it; for, if it's you that works it in the top-loft o' Sundays, you know how do it. Cap'n Bob Ballast, at your service; send the bills to him, and he'll foot 'em.'

"I ain't bold with women. I'm a bit bashful before strange ones even yet. And I hadn't looked at her. But when I spoke out my name she gave a little scream and started back

'Of course I couldn't help looking at her then, and she was sitting down with a handkerchief before her face.

"Beg pardon, are you ill, mum?' I asked.

"She said, still not looking up, 'Did you say your name was Captain Ballast?'

"'Bob Ballast, at your service,' I answered.

"'Oh Bob, don't you know me?"

"'Look up, and I'll make sure.'

"And she lifted up her face, and I saw—well it wasn't the pink cheeked girl I knew. It wasn't a girl at all, but a woman, past thirty, but in a minute it was Jennie Blush again—a great deal more than I was young Bob Ballast.

"'Jennie,' I said, 'oh Jennie, is it really you? and then the color came to her cheeks, and her eyes glittered, and she whispered—

"'Oh, not before the school, Bob!' for I had caught her to my heart and kissed her

"We had not much time to palaver then, but I came for her again in the evening, and took her for a walk. And she told me how the shop had been shipwrecked, and her father dropped dead with apoplexy, and how my brother, Charles Augustus, had offered her his hand, but she had said no, and preferred to earn her own living to marrying one she did love while there was some one living whom she did. And how it was fifteen years ago—fifteen weary years.

"Then I said—'I love you better than ever now I've found you again. When you told my brother there was some one living you loved, did you mean me?'

"'Yes, Bob,' she answered.

"'Now you've seen me, a weather-beaten scarred old sailor, do you think the same?'

"'I always shall, Bob.'

"'Come on then,' said I. And not another word until we came to the Rev. Eben Tooker's. There I rang the bell

"'Why have you brought me here, Bob?' Jennie asked.

"'To make arrangements for the chaplain to marry us my love!'

"'It's too sudden. I can't. What will people say?'

"'No matter for people,' said I. And in we walked. Arrangements were soon made and just a month afterwards we were married. And so after fifteen years, I got my Jennie for my own.

"Well, it didn't last long, my lass.

"Not long She took one voyage with me, and then I saw her in her coffin, with her little baby on her breast. But you see just before she left me, she put her arms about my neck and said—

"'Bob, dear, you've been a good husband to me; and when you come to heaven, you'll find me waiting for you; and it won't be such a great while, dearest; and then we'll have all eternity before us to love each other in.'

'So I don't spend my time fretting. I try to be as happy as I can, for I know the one voyage I long for now, is the one I know I must take, and when I come to port—if it's the right one—I'm sure to find Jennie there waiting for me.

"Hamlin's girls are grown up and married now. It's all like a dream the whole of it, but life is all a dream, lassie, and perhaps we only wake up when it's quite over."

The cost to the corporation of London of rescuing Epping Forest, a tract of several thousand acres from encroachers and preserving it for the public was about $190,000. Counsel fees were over $50,000.

Mabel's Lovers.

BY M. H.

"AND we are to be married in April, said Mabel Henry, with a quaint air of assurance that made Mark Hamilton smile.

Mabel was a little, pretty pink-cheeked lassie, in height scarcely reaching to Mark Hamilton's wide shoulders.

That gentleman rearranged a dusty pile of legal papers in one corner of his private escritoire, and laid a heavily sealed document upon the table.

"He has proposed, then—this sapient follower of yours?'

"Now, Mark, you're just boorish! Didn't I tell you he proposed ever so long ago—almost at the first of our acquaintance? And I, loving him, of course accepted his troth, and—we are to be married next April."

Since her earliest remembrance Mark Hamilton had formed a part of Mabel's existence. Orphaned long before her womanhood was gained, the guidance of her earlier life had rested entirely in his keeping, and she had grown to love him with a deep, true, steadfast love, such, she thought, as a child must feel for its parent; for he was thirty five, and she but seventeen this autumn day.

"You wish me happiness, do you not, Mark?"

'You know me too well to ask that; but matrimony is a treacherous craft; you had best be careful with whom you ship"

Mabel rose from her seat in the doorway.

"If you please, we will dismiss the subject. You are so horribly severe in your views of humanity generally, and Alfred Mervin particularly. You do not know him, Mark, or you would, like me, have the strictest confidence in him"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Hamilton, with a sigh, as he folded together his documents and trudged away in the direction of his office. "But," reasoned he, "she is too completely absorbed in this six-foot nonentity to think of her own good."

Meantime, Mabel was blissfully unaware of all things save her lover's presence, just six feet to a hair's breadth, with sturdy broad shoulders and straight features, with his studies but barely completed, and with no specially definite idea as to how he was to support his bride—that was Mr. Alfred Mervin.

"I suppose we shall get along somehow," he would say. "You are not afraid to trust me, Mabel?"

"Not at all," Mabel would answer.

And they sang boath ballads in the sunset, and repeated love romances in the moonlight, until the autumn days grew measured, and a sharp breath of winter was in the air

Then it was that Mervin came to her, his face pale, his voice unsteady, to tell her a time had come when they must part.

"Must part?" cried Mabel a white pallor coming over her cheeks. "You are jesting—trifling, Alfred!"

"No, dear, I am not," he answered.

And then he told her how the town in which they lived trammelled, with its narrow confines, whatever talents he possessed So he was going away to try his fortune

'But"—and a shade of uncertainty crept into Mabel's eyes—"you will return?"

"Can you doubt me?" he cried, catching her to him in a short, rapturous embrace

She decided she could not, and he went away.

For a long while after that Mabel moved languidly about, nursing her unhappiness, and brooding over Mervin's absence. But even his letters ceased abruptly just a month before the marriage day. The winter through they came with laudable regularity, always loving, always freighted with words of endearment.

Of course Mark Hamilton smiled in his cynical way, and told Mabel that her idol had fallen to the dust in her keeping. Perhaps it was only natural that she should think some evil had overtaken her lover. But conviction gained upon her gradually, and by the time she came fully to believe him recreant, she had ceased to care for him

Now next May, fate willed that someone of speculative inclinations should fit up an old rookery, dubbed "Summit View," and transform the place into a summer hotel.

Fate willed it, too, that Cliff Alden should wander that way one golden June morning, and meet Miss Mabel Henry, after the accepted fashion of all heroes and heroines.

After an introduction in which a runaway played a leading part, she had asked him unconcernedly enough, if he were stopping at Summit View with his family; her feelings rose to a July temperature. At supper, she detailed the episode of their meeting in elaborate rhetoric to Hamilton.

"Mabel, you're a veritable goose," said Hamilton, when she had done.

"I'm not angling for compliments, if you please," said Miss Henry; and kept her own counsel after that.

Two weeks of almost daily intercourse sufficed to show Mabel that Cliff Alden had no tendency to admire Scotch ballads or Tennyson. He was entirely too commonplace, too "absurdly sensible," for her, she decided. And then liked him all the better for the decision.

Did he propose? Yes; just three months from the day of their meeting, and in this wise:—

"Mabel, we are very agreeable, and like each other, I hope. Suppose you become my wife!"

That was his proposal; never a word of love—not even a demonstration of anxiety as to the loss or gain. It was his way, she decided, and accepted him.

It was early September that he asked her to marry him. It was early October when he came to her in the dusk of the evening, and with a ring of yearning wistfulness in his quiet, unsteady tones.

"Mabel, did you ever love any one before me?" he asked, so abruptly as to startle her.

"Yes," she said.

"And you quarrelled—this lover and yourself?"

"Not at all; we merely parted."

"You really loved this man, Mabel?" questioningly.

"After the fashion of most girls at seventeen. We parted, however, and that settled everything."

"But if he were to come back to you the same man he was when you parted—were he to come back now, asking that the past be forgiven——"

"I would tell him that I had forgotten the past and him"

Cliff sat down on a low camp-stool at her feet

"Mabel," he said, "more than two years ago I learned to love a woman with all the passionate fervor of a life's first and only love. I wooed her, and gained her affections A few months after our betrothal we differed, quarrelled parted, determined never to look upon each other again Then, after a long while, I came to Summit We met, and the rest you know. Do not think me treacherous, Mabel, in asking your love when I did. I admired you as much as was possible with the memory of Marion Maye lying between us. I meant to be true and faithful to you; but last night Marion Maye came to Summit View!"

His voice ceased entirely; and it was well for Mabel's overtaxed endurance. For a second the globe seemed reeling beneath her Then she struggled to her feet, and, slipping his ring from her finger, dropped it into his hand

"And you have confessed wrongs, and righted them. Ah, well, so be it! There is your troth, Mr. Alden, take it, and my sincerest well wishes I hope you may be very happy! Good bye!"

She watched him walk down the road until the bend closed around him and separated their lives for ever She cried, of course; it was only consistent with her womanhood that she should. By and by the moon crept up and with its first streak of light Mark Hamilton walked into Mabel's presence

"Mabel!" said he, in horror.

'Oh, it's you, is it?" said Mabel, ungraciously enough. "Well, he's gone."

"Precisely what I thought myself, dear," said Mr. Hamilton. "You see, I unwillingly heard a few of your remarks while searching for a sheet of legal cap in the hall. I know the whole thing Mabel, and pity you a trifle more than you deserve."

"I know I've been a great fool," said self accusing Mabel.

"And I'm going to be another just to be even with you I know I'm old, Mabel"

'Only thirty eight," protested Mabel

"I am not over rich and in love with you What say you Mabel, dear? Is it yes or no? Come, now, no blushing and murmuring You should have self confidence enough to dispense with all such nonsense"

What did she answer? I hardly know; something of no importance to anyone but their happy selves She married him.

Mr. Alden married Miss Maye And Alfred Mervin? One day he came back to Bistleton as poor and good looking as when he had left. Mabel and he met, of course.

"Ah," he said, "I thought you had forgotten me, Mabel.

"I never forget my friends," said Mabel.

Then he asked indirectly if she were still single, and she said "No," with a relish.

Thomas H Stopfell and Helen Reed were married at Ebensburg, Pa., against the wishes of the Reed family, the bride's brother, particularly, having opposed the match. The young couple were at the village hotel, getting ready to start on a honeymoon tour, and the brother dashed into the room in great rage, and attempted to shoot Stopfell. The girl saved her husband's life by seizing her brother's pistol, but the excitement speedily caused her death.

The Viscountess Heberton says that she is not coming forward as a candidate for the School Board, and that she never had the smallest intention of doing so. Miss Downing, the advocate of female suffrage, declares that she will be a candidate for the representation of the Tower Hamlets division of the London School Board

Our Young Folks.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

BY J. C. R.

"I HATE old Waugh! I hate everybody and everything, and life itself into the bargain!" was Harry Fairley's by no means wise speech, as he bounded out at the great school doors, down the steps, and into the midst of some half dozen of his schoolfellows who awaited him.

"Whew! you old croaker! we know better than that," spoke one.

"Shut up, Daldy!" cried one of the merry crew, putting his hand over the other's mouth, "and let's come at the root of the matter, not stay mooning here all the afternoon."

"I didn't want you to moon here for me," said Fairley, ungraciously.

"Don't excite yourself, my dear sir; your nerves are unstrung with long study and confinement. Take a cigar, and envelop yourself in a golden cloud of oblivion of wrong, if wrong there be." So saying, Daldy smilingly drew out a cigar, and handed it to his friend with mock grace.

"Out upon you for a simpleton!" said Fairley, laughing in spite of himself, and taking the offered cigar. But he did not light it—they were too near school and school authorities for that, and of course smoking for such youngsters as they were was strictly prohibited.

"Come to business!" cried Wells.

"Yes, to business" repeated Daldy. "Come and go with us, Fairley; that's what we've been waiting for. Will you go for a sail? To be or not to be! that's the question," queried the other, freeing himself.

"Yes, I'll go"

"'Let us then be up and doing
With——'"

But the quotation of the merry fellow was cut short by their all laying violent hands on him, and away they went, a rollicking party, down to the shore. Once out of sight of the school, the lads lit their cigars, and then Harry, for the first time perceived that a little fellow of nine, with dark curling hair and wistful eyes was following him. This was his brother Archie. The child trotted by his side till they were at the starting place. There was Dan their favorite boatman, free to take them whither they listed.

"Here we are! Dan ready for a trip. Be quick now, time is on the wing." Thus admonished the old man soon had his boat ready. The six elder lads leaped in, Archie looking on wistfully the while.

"Take me, Harry" he pleaded, as they were about to shove off without him.

"No we don't take such sprats as you," cried Harry.

"There isn't room," acquiesced Wells.

"I wouldn't take up much room, I wouldn't indeed; and I'm not heavy," urged the child.

"Here, let him go in my place," said good natured Daldy standing up.

"No; sit down, Daldy. He must learn not to spoil other folks' pleasure," dissented Harry. "Go for a walk with Bigwood and Caro, Archie"

So Archie pleaded no more, but, after watching them glide away on the sunlit waters, strolled along the shore in the direction the boat was taking.

How the boys enjoyed this half holiday trip! But Harry only made pretence of enjoying. He was ill at ease, everything had gone wrong with him at school for some time past. He had fallen into idle ways and was in bad repute with the masters, and much that was lovely and generous was dying out of his character. What would his father and mother say if they knew only half of their son's fading away from well doing? What would his tender mother say to his smoking? In her last letter she had warned him of it; it was of this that Archie wanted to remind him that very afternoon. Poor little Archie! whom a pale troubling mother had given into his care to love and cherish. Had he done this? Had he guarded him from any evil? No, no. The thought troubled him greatly.

When they landed he stole away from the rest and crept into a cave, a marvel of beauty and a geological wonder at low water, but where the waves rioted at will when the tide was in. He threw himself down and wept over his misery, nobody missing him and, as others have done before, fell asleep heavy with sorrow.

It was time to be away; the boys shouted, hurried, and fussed, Dan was at his post; they were all scrambling into their places when Fairley was missed.

"Fairley! Fairley!" The old echoes among the rocks took up the name, and bore it hither and thither; but no Fairley answered, no Fairley came upon the scene.

"He must have gone home; he was glum as could!" asserted one.

"We shall be late," cried another.

Dan screwed up his mouth and looked this way and that; the slanting sunbeams, stealing rosy red across the sea, warned them that they themselves were going home, and that they would do well to follow their example; and so they did, leaving Harry sleeping in the cave. And as the sun went down the wind arose—not all at once boisterous, but in sudden gusts, which swept past and died away, leaving the waves angry and resentful. And slow and sure came in the flowing tide, with its sullen stamp, stamp on the beach. On, on it came till it beat and thundered at the entrance of the cave itself, and then Harry awoke.

A nightmare, a great desolation, a horror was upon him. He saw his danger—that death, death, without any power to escape on his part, was staring him in the face. Death, when life was all before him—life, which only this afternoon he had said he hated. His hair stood on end. The wind roared and shrieked; now wild voices seemed to be shouting, "You said you hated life, and now death has come!" How the darkness was stealing on, and oh, those pitiless waters! What cared they for a boy's life or a boy's death! Nothing. He tried to pray, but words would not come. He could only wring his hands and look upward. Ah! now the waves were upon him; now they lifted him up to the entrance? Oh, joy, joy! there came the splash of oars; a dark something was gliding close; then a child's voice, full of terror, but still thrilling with love cried, "Harry! Harry! are you there!"

It was Archie, dear little Archie. Saved! Saved! He took his seat in the boat. He did not question the child how he had managed to come; he only wrung the hot little hand which helped him in, and took the oar waiting for him. How they rowed, how the waves clamored, how the wind blew, how the shadows fell and deepened! Little Archie's face grew pale and his eyes wistful.

"Archie, boy, are you afraid?" asked Harry, bending down his head, so that he could hear him above the roar of the winds and waves.

"Just a little; but God will take care of us, won't He?"

A great wave came rolling on; their boat rocked like a shell.

"Oh, Harry!" cried the child.

"Courage Archie!" shouted Harry. And now another wave and another swept them hither and thither, as if in mockery at the frailty of their bark.

"Oh, Harry!" Archie almost shrieked, "the water is coming into the boat!"

"Yes, Archie, I know," replied the other, with terrible calmness; "we must bail it out if we can."

They stopped rowing, and began to bail out the water with their hats.

"Harry, if we can't keep it out we shall sink," said little Archie, as the water did not decrease.

"Yes, we shall sink!" Poor Harry! he put his arm round his shivering brother. The little fellow clung to him.

"Harry, shall we pray?" he asked, in his terror. Pray! Life, precious life, seemed going—life which he had spoilt while he had it, which only this afternoon he had declared he hated. And now the boat was filling fast; no use bailing, no use doing anything. He drew his little brother closer to his heart; a pitiful prayer went up towards the sullen sky; and then—God had heard them—some sort of vessel was by them, rough voices hailed them, rough kindly hands rescued them; they were on board a vessel laden with coals, which would take them into port a little way down the coast.

Oh, children! what a song of praise went up from the hearts of the brothers! Then little Archie told his brother how it happened that he came to the rescue. He had watched among the rocks for the return of the boat all the afternoon; and when the boat shot past and the other lads shouted that Harry had walked home, he felt certain that he had not, or he should have seen him. Something whispered to him that he was in the cave, knowing how many times they had gone there together to admire its beauties and to watch the rosy sunbeams on the sea from its entrance. And if there, the tide was fast shutting him in. As the conviction flashed upon him he knew there was no time to run for help; the boat was in the distance gliding over the darkening waters. Hard by was a fisherman's cottage, and a crazy old boat moored near—how frail he did not know; there was no time for thought. He loosed it and rowed away, brave little brother as he was. It was hard work for him, but he did it and saved Harry's life. How the two clung to each other after this! How precious they were the one to the other! And oh! how Harry ever after strove to make his school life a living anthem of praise, a noble striving after all pure, lovely, and manly virtues, by the remembrance of that hour of peril and deliverance on the sea.

Commander Cheyne of the British navy, expects to start with his expedition for the discovery of the North Pole next spring. He has formed a committee in London, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and other aristocratic notabilities, which is to be the head of forty nine other committees throughout the country to promote the enterprise. It is to co operate with the Swedish, Dutch, Austrian, Danish, and American expeditions.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 844 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 347. CEREBRATIONS.

No. 348.
P A T
A P E
M E N

No. 349. ARRESTMENT.

No. 350.
F I J I
L I A R
A L T O
T U R N

No. 351. EFFENDI.

No. 352.
F L O S S
L E A S T
I M A G O
N A L O N
T O U S E

No. 353. BARROW.

No. 354.
T H R E N E
H Y E N A S
R E L A I S
E N A B L E
N A I L E R
E S S E R A

No. 355. ANCIENT MARINER.

No. 356.
L A B O R E D
A T E L E N E
R E H E S T S
O L E A T E S
R E S T O R E
E N T E R E R
D E S S E R T

No. 357. WINES, SINEW, SWINE, NEW, WEN.

No. 358.
B A R I L L E T
S A M A R O I D
S A L I V A T E
L E P A D I T E
M E C O N I N E
H E M A T I N E
F E C U L A T E
T I M O R E S E

No. 359. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE composed of 9 letters is the nipplewort.
The 1, 2, 3, 4 is a plant of the genus rumex.
The 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 is a plant with a pungent taste.

Boston, Mass. CEREBRENEWJ.

No. 360. SQUARE.

1. A town in Italy. 2. An ancient French philosopher. 3. A half foot in poetry. 4. A crystallizable acrid substance. 5. A river in Virginia. 6. One of the British Isles. 7. Appendixes.

Sedalia, Mo. EF FEN.

No. 361. CHARADE.

The FIRST of boats a kind
That's used by fishermen;
The NEXT a pronoun find,
Consumed the LAST, and then
With TOTAL in your mind
You will reflect, amen!

New York City. EFFENDI.

No. 362. SQUARE.

1. That which holds, as a tendril. 2. A peculiar white substance. 3. An American city. 4. Secured. 5. A steelyard (so called in the Orkneys). 6. One who makes a beginning. 7. Books.

West Meriden, Conn. GRAHAM.

No. 363. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.

In jaubet not in chat,
In glutton not in rat,
In handle not in pat,
In falcon not in bat.
The WHOLE quite often makes a fuss,
With this and kindred nations;
He gets our statesmen in a muss
And causes bad relations.

Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 364. SQUARE.

1. Fig trees. 2. A double sea. 3. Farther. 4. To separate. 5. A certain people. 6. A salt. 7. Clears.

New York City. WAVERLY.

No. 365. ANAGRAM.

Here is quickly seen the name
Of a poem known to fame.

HE ILL CHIP A GRIM LORD'S FAUN.

Philadelphia, Pa. PEGOTTY.

No. 366. SQUARE.

1. A river in Asia my FIRST is, I ween.
2. On an astrolabe, SECOND may plainly be seen.
3. Paraphrased in public or lily defamed.
4. How many fair damsels my FOURTH have been named.
5. God help you when FIFTH is pronounced on your head.
6. Like a gland is my SIXTH, so in Webster 'tis read.
7. A bailiff in Norway my SEVENTH does rule,
Ugh! up in those regions its mightily cool.

Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 367. CHARADE.

If you look in the FIRST
SECOND, WHOLE you will see
THIRD which I invite you
To share it with me.

Kenton, Ohio. UNCLE NAT.

No. 368. SQUARE.

1. A small state in S. E. Asia. 2. Operatic vocalists. 3. Prompts. 4. Broken. 5. A property holder, on condition of yielding one-half the produce. 6. False appearances. 7. Salts.

New York City. JARVP.

No. 369. CRYPTOGRAM.

GHROS SURS TEN PAYS
DURYI YPED TIY GIOTLOW YHO,
CLIDY PARK SUN YEOT
OR DRARUN ROSLNO THOI.

Baltimore, Md. ARIAN.

No. 370. SQUARE.

1. Aspersed. 2. Those that have been honorably discharged from public service. 3. Women. 4. One well versed in the Arabic language. 5. A body of soldiers. 6. Stated. 7. Obscure.

Parsons, Kansas. CAPT. CUTTLE.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of August 9th were solved by A. Solver, Goose Quill, O. Possum, Trabmer, Apollo, Theron, Grebrennewj, Mystic.

COMPLETE LISTS:—A. Solver.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. A. Solver, - - Kenton, O.
2. Goose Quill, - San Francisco, Cal.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Lochinvar—Numerical. Czar Dean—Numerical. Egg Zactly—Charade. Uncle Nat—Crossword. Grebrennewj—Numerical, Double Acrostic and Triple Acrostic. Jarvp—Two Charades. O. W. L.—Two Numericals.

ELEVEN LETTER DIAMONDS.

There is probably no other Puzzle in the Mystic Catalogue that has attracted so much attention during recent years, as the Eleven Letter Diamond. Since its first introduction in 1875, it has possessed a fascinating hold on the Puzzle mind. At first deemed very difficult of construction, its production was quite a feather in one's cap, and ambitious Puzzle Editors in those days, were wont to offer a dollar for a good one. Such prodigality would produce bankruptcy now, as the "Boys" knock them out a dozen at a time, and have discovered combinations that three years ago were not even imagined.

The first Eleven Letter Diamond was published in WITCH-KNOTS (edited by "Ruthven"), in March, 1875, over the nom de plume "Beau K." on the word DEGENERATED. It, however, contained a manufactured word—Morteed. The second appeared in the same column in April of the same year, and was by "Happy Thought," on the word PACIFICATOR, but was not perfect. The same may be said of the third and fourth, by "Blondy" and "Old Joe" respectively. The first PERFECT one appeared in OATS TO SIFT (edited by "Effendi"), June 20th, 1877, by "Wild Rose," on the word MISEDUCATED; this, we believe, was O K, although JIM, a nickname, had to be squeezed in to complete it.

Since that time both good and bad Diamonds have been greatly on the increase, and duplicates, triplicates, even quadruplicates, have almost made some Puzzlers believe in plagiarism; but combinations will work out the same and the result is that East and West often produce the same Diamond simultaneously.

Herewith we give a few figures, showing the Puzzlers who have made and the papers that have published Eleven Letter Diamonds. These statistics cover the ground up to August 1st, 1879. Next week we shall give a list of ALL the words that have served as centre words, and the number of times each has been used.

PUZZLERS.

Arion	48	King Cotton,	8
Benny Fishel,		Knix Knox,	1
Parops,	1	Mattie Jay,	6
Hon. J. Mix,	8	Maud Lynn,	1
Ryan K.,	1	Nic. O'Demus,	5
Blondy,	1	O. C. O. La,	1
Capt. Cuttle,	1	Odoacer,	3
Comet,	16	Old Joe,	7
Daunter,	6	Wilkins Micawber,	6
Dick,	1	O. W. L.,	
Dish Fognier,	2	Sherzies,	15
Ef Fen,	34	Percy Vere,	4
Foxy Ann,	3	Prince Teck,	1
Frank Lynn,	3	Randolph,	5
Gil Blas,	7	Rob Roy,	8
Goose Quill,	1	Stud,	6
Hyperion,	22	Student,	3
Happy Thought,	1	T. A. R.,	3
Jarvp,		The General,	15
Jersey,	20	Tim Linkinwater,	14
Mary Gadd,		Waverly,	31
Mac M.,	4	Wild Rose,	8
Zarc O.,	1		
Total,			334

PAPERS AND DEPARTMENTS.

Ostrich Gift,	16	Mystic Messenger,	3
Matted Meshes,	37	Puzzle Kolum,	3
Knit-Knots,	28	Christian Recorder,	3
Cerebrations,	20	Modern Sphinx,	3
S. F. Post,	17	Sunday Call,	2
The Puzzler, W. W.	14	Puzzledom's Mysteries,	2
Our Puzzle Box,	13	Odds & Ends,	1
Many Masker,	7	Eastern Budget,	1
Pleasant Pastimes,	7	Knots to Untie,	1
Witch-Knots	5	Puzzlers' Own,	1
Mystic Knight,	5	Our Riddle Box,	1
Pearls of Puzzledom,	5	Amateur Advertiser,	1
Curious Queries,	4	Idle Hours,	1
Youths' Herald,	3	S. F. Chronicle,	1
Knotted Kinks,	3	Yankee Blade,	1
Total,			268

DOUBLE ELEVENS.

Daunter—1. Ef Fen—5. Jarvp—3. Mattie Jay—1. Percy Vere—1. Rob Roy—1. Stemaltz—1. The General 1. T. A. R. 1.

OATS TO SIFT—1. Matted Meshes—3. Knit Knots—1.

The following Papers and Departments are not represented in this statement, because we were unable to procure the data:—Tangled Textures, Parlor Pastimes, Jewish Record, and Hebrew Leader.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE KNOTTIEST TANGLE.—This is the most STABLE Puzzle affair that we ever sat ROUND, and "Skeezicks" article on "The Puzzletown Oracle" will make the dry bones of Puzzledom shake again. "Tom Ascat" strikes the key note of the wishes of all good Puzzlers when he desires

"To raise our pastime to a nobler height."

LOCHINVAR—Your BRAGLY Numerical is a regular Menagerie, but we will put it in and let the Boys enjoy the Circus.

NOTICE—Notwithstanding the amount of TRUCK and the number of PATCHED puzzles we receive—and consequently PLANT (in the Waste Basket), we would like it distinctly understood that we do not run a TRUCK PATCH.

Mary Quantrell, of Frederick Maryland, whose friends claim for her the distinction of being the original "Barbara Frettchie," died suddenly a few days ago.

IRREPARABLE.

BY E. M. STODDARD.

The sorrow of all sorrows
  Was never sung or said,
Though many a poet borrows
  The mourning of the dead,
And darkly hurles pleasure
In some melodious measure.

The loss of youth is sadness
  To all who think or feel—
A wound no after gladness
  Can ever wholly heal;
And yet so many share it,
We come at last to bear it.

The faltering and the failing
  Of friends is sadder still;
For friends grown foes, assailing,
  Know when and where to kill;
But souls themselves sustaining
Have still a friend remaining.

The death of those who love us,
  And those we love is sore;
But think they are above us,
  Or think they are no more.
We bear the blows that sever—
  We cannot weep forever.

The sorrows of all sorrows
  Is deeper than all these,
And all that anguish borrows
  Upon its bended knees.
No tears nor prayers relieve it,
No loving vows deceive it.

It is one day to waken
  And find that love is flown,
And cannot be o'ertaken,
  And we are left alone.
No woe that can be spoken,
No heart left to be broken;

No wish for love's returning,
  Or something in its stead;
No nursing it and yearning
  As for the dearer dead;
No yesterday, no morrow,
But everlasting sorrow.

AMUSEMENTS AT SEA.

VERY varied have been the methods adopted by the passengers and crew of the outward or homeward bound vessel to vary the monotony of a long sea voyage. Fishing is one of the most frequent. A common plan is to pay the line over the stern as far as required, making it fast to the quarter-boat's davits, or other convenient part. When a vessel is becalmed, the towing-line becomes of no use, and a shorter line will answer the purpose. After a long calm, the flying-fish, getting accustomed to the presence of the ship, play around in large numbers. A small piece of dough on the hook serves as bait, but you must not give him time to open his wings; if you do so, he commences his flight off at a right angle, and his mouth being very tender, having no teeth like the herring, he instantly tears himself away from the hook and is lost.

The presence of a shark in the neighborhood of a vessel is sufficient to cause considerable excitement on board. Work is generally suspended until the capture is made. If the shark is hungry, he soon bites; there is a quick turn over, showing his big mouth and white belly, a sharp tug, and he is fast. When landed on deck, he will swing his tail about in fine style, until he receives his quietus by several raps over the head with the capstan bar; then the tail is cut off, and probably nailed as a trophy to the jib-boom. The jaws will be secured by some one as an ornament, and the backbone for making a walking-stick. Shark's skin, when dried, makes a good substitute for sand-paper, tobacco pouches and needle-bags are also made from it. The voracity of the shark is sufficiently apparent from the fact that it has been known to swallow nearly the whole of another one as it was thrown piece by piece overboard.

When the turtle is taken, as sometimes happens, in any quantity, there is usually a surfeit of it for some time afterwards—turtle soup being at a discount! Occasionally a porpoise is caught, but they swim so fast that it requires a sure hand and a steady eye to drive home the harpoon. Fishing for gulf weed on a homeward journey, is a favorite amusement. The practice of catching Cape pigeons, gulls, the albatross, and numberless other sea-birds, with a string and baited hook, is one which is cruel in the extreme, and ought to be sternly discountenanced.

All the large steamships possess a good library for light reading; besides which there are usually many little solacements for relieving the tedium of the first-class passengers. When the weather is fine there are games of shovel-board on the deck, that draw a number of players and onlookers. The pieces of wood are flat disks easily handled in shoving them along to a goal, as in the case of bowls. This forms an agreeable recreation and affords good exercise. When outdoor amusement is impracticable, the saloon has its clusters of passengers, busy at something or other. One party will be playing whist; another is eagerly watching a game at chess; a third party will be listening to a thrilling tale of the sea by an old salt; a fourth party is attending to a game at backgammon. In the evening, when lamps are lit, there is sometimes a kind of musically inclined purser, presiding at the piano. Often in ships of this description there is a good deal of heavy betting. The bets will be as to the day and hour of arrival at port, what will be the number of the first pilot-boat that presents itself, and so on; some of the bets being sufficiently ridiculous and the cause of much fun, but also the loss of a good deal of money. In all the well-regulated vessels, the ship-officers are strictly excluded from gaming or betting.

Shut out from the ordinary cares which vex the landsman, it does not require much to provoke excitement and fun at sea. A passing ship, the glimpse of distant land, or anything in the slightest degree out of the usual course, will be provocative of conversation. When a dirty night is coming on, sailors will be bothered with questions as to whether it will be very bad weather, if it will last long, and such like. Sunday at sea is generally well observed. Hid away, however, in some quiet corner may perhaps be seen a squad playing at cards; while within a dozen yards of them another group will be singing hymns, with a considerable crowd around them, a few of whom are joining. Service on that day is held once at least on deck, and is very impressive in fine weather. Nothing is heard to break the silence but the soft gush of the wind through the rigging, and the gentle ripple of the waves as the vessel quietly ploughs its way onward. It has been no uncommon thing in passenger ships to have a weekly paper, all sorts of possible and impossible nonsense finding its way into its columns. One might read that a frightful murder had been committed at some early hour in the morning on board, which resolved itself into the fact of a sheep or pig having had its throat cut. When a serial tale is attempted it sometimes proves specially interesting, as embracing the life history of some one on board. In one vessel, each man of the crew was presented with a bound copy of the paper printed during the voyage. Quoits made from rope are sometimes used by those who are fond of the game; and kite flying is indulged in by others, when the kite very often gets lost.

The leisure time which Jack possesses, commonly after 5 30 or 6 o'clock, p. m., is sometimes used in such thrifty work as the manufacture of mats and hearth-rugs, from cuttings obtained from the carpet-weavers, for friends or family at home. A pastime like that formerly indulged in when crossing the Line, seems also like it to have fallen into disuse. It is called throwing the dead horse overboard. Sailors when joining a ship generally receive a month's pay in advance; this they call the *dead horse*. At the close of the month, weather permitting, the effigy of a horse, life-size, is made, and stuffed with straw, rags, or anything else handy. The mane and tale are made of oakum; and in the dark this strange piece of handiwork resembles a dead horse. This they lay on deck on its side; one man sits upon it; the rest pulling at a rope made fast to the manufactured animal, and keeping time to the song given out by the sailor who sits upon it, the song proceeding according to the talent of the singer. Passengers on board to whom the thing is a novelty crowd around; within half an hour it is dragged to the quarter-deck. A line is ready from the lee side of the main-yard, which is attached to the horse, with the man still upon it, only fastened in such a manner that he shall be secure when it drops away. Horse and man are hoisted to the yard arm; after a few seconds, with a blue light burning, and the men still singing, the horse is cut away, and drops into the water. What its origin was is unknown.

Grains of Gold.

Feeling is no criterion of right or wrong.

Adversity is the balance to weigh friends.

To him that lives well every form of life is good.

Friends are won by those who believe in winning.

True beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace.

Teach your children to respect their elders and themselves.

Choose those companions who administer to your improvement.

To the Christian nothing can be so dark but that there is a bright side.

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he himself sets the example.

Every person is sure of at least one good friend if he will not abuse himself.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can afford to pay for new ones.

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character.

Conversational powers are susceptible of great improvement by assiduous cultivation.

The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment; the dissensions of age result from opinion.

It is a French saying that sooner or later we pardon our friends all the injuries we have done them.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, speak harshly, or do an important act.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or when others are angry at you.

The law of food is, that man should eat what is good for him, at such times and in such quantities as nature requires.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, or your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

There is a great difference between what an ambitious man is, and what he aspires to—as there is also between what a vain man thinks himself and what he is.

Folly soon wears out her shoes. She dances so fast we are all of us tired. Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars, if they keep us behind prison windows.

Childrens' walks should not be too long, because, from the exhaustion produced, growth and nutrition are arrested, and fevers and protracted debility may be the consequence.

In listening to some men's conversation we fancy three marks of admiration at the end of each sentence, as hetrogiyphics of the admiration of the speakers at their own cleverness.

Life is one unbroken chain of cause and effect, action and consequence, and that, when we have chosen and done, we must accept the results from which no man can deliver us.

We should no more lament that we have grown old than that the husbandman, when the bloom and fragrance of spring have passed away, should lament that summer or autumn has come.

We cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

Our leisure hours are among those that have the most importance in moulding our characters. Our working hours are very important, but our leisure hours are those that form our tastes and our habits.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to obtain the fruit; but the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by any person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending it a little you may look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

Femininities.

Song of the belles—Be flirtuous and you will be happy.

White satin is to be revived for brides' wear in the fall.

Don't ask her to release you from the engagement. Eat onions.

Some of the new gold colored stockings are embroidered with pansies.

There are one hundred thousand women school-teachers in the United States.

A New England woman lately coughed up a pin which had been in her throat for two years.

A woman with a shabby pair of shoes can never be convinced that short dresses are not vulgar.

It is the girl with pretty hands who is so modest as to have continually to hide her face behind them.

A woman is on trial in Vidalia, La., for murdering a child by pouring scalding water down its throat.

There is an old lady, 107, in Boston, who never uses spectacles and whose sight is as good as ever. She was born blind.

The woman who canned a bushel of cherries this year has a right to look down on the woman who only canned six quarts of gooseberries.

An Association for the Advancement of Women has been organized in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. It gives a course of free lectures by women.

Somebody with more patriotism than good taste, has carved an ivory umbrella handle into a likeness of President Lincoln, and a dealer has it for sale.

A New York lady has offered $500 reward for the return of a pet rat. She says she cannot sleep till she has another pet rat, and is hunting the city through for one.

Louisiana has put the following clause into her constitution:—"Women twenty-one years of age and upward shall be eligible to any office of control or management under the school laws of this State."

A susceptible bachelor says that a pretty woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself under a green veil or any similar abomination than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

There is one youth who feels certain that he is beloved. He recently testified at an inquest that he did not dare to attempt to rescue a drowning woman, lest "the young person who was with him should jump in after him."

The most worthless of all family treasures are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the drawing-room or the boudoir, she is not a helpmate for a man, but an incumbrance upon his exertions.

One of the French women of fashion has revived the fancy for wearing large squares of net as veils, but they are trimmed with lace, instead of fringe, as formerly, and the corners are tied at the back instead of being pinned.

For many years after its first introduction into Italy, the fan was considered a symbol of levity, and the woman who carried one was regarded much as a woman who waltzed was looked upon at the beginning of the present century.

A young girl, aged about ten, rushes frantically up to a lady and embraces her. She calls her dear aunt, and is much mortified when she discovers her mistake. She goes away blushing, and she takes with her the lady's watch and purse.

A current item affirms that American women eat more candy than any other women in the world. And we wish to remark that they are sweeter than any other women in the world, and it isn't candy that makes them so, either.

"A Cincinnati shop manager says that he employs girls because they attend to business better than boys," says one of the city papers and adds, "The next question is, does the proprietor pay them as much as he would be obliged to pay boys?"

A fashionable woman, suffering from a complication of disorders, recently sought the advice of an eminent physician. Having related her symptoms, which were of a character to cause serious alarm, she was surprised to hear him say simply, "Let me look at your shoes." On seeing them he added, "I cannot treat a patient who wears shoes with such heels as those"—and politely bowed her out.

Ladies ought to enjoy reunions or banquets much better than men, because they can sit perfectly unconcerned and listen to all the good things that are being said without any danger of being called up unexpectedly to respond to a toast, and being obliged to wish the toastmaster and all the rest of the company were at the bottom of the sea. And still some women grumble about the hard lot of feminine mortality.

Coquetry is the art of employing important folk against importunate people. Coquettes are fonder of huntingthan of game. For a woman when the enemy is in greatest force he is least to be feared, or the coquette's secret is that of the lion tamer, who only ventures on tackling his beasts when they are in company. Mothers call women who resist their sons coquettes, and those that don't resist them something worse.

When out walking, observe closely and you will notice that when two men look around at each other in the street, each feels as mean as if he had been caught at sheep-stealing. Two of the sex will turn square around after they have passed each other, take an upward survey of each article of apparel worn by the other, slowly and critically until their eyes meet, when a cold stare will be exchanged and then both will start on their several ways, looking as sweet as roses in June.

Romantic young ladies who would like to encounter some great danger, be rescued by a handsome young man with a curling mustache, and afterward marry him, should go West. This delightful experience was recently enjoyed by a friend who was visiting in Dubuque, Iowa. The girls went out to drive, the horse ran away, the stranger fainted, the danger was great. Up rose a gallant fellow, stopped the horse, brought water from a spring and dashed it into the fair one's face took the girls to his mother's house and drove them home in his own buggy. The glimpse which the reviving maiden caught of that shining eye and that gracefully shaded upper lip did the business. She was married to the beautiful young gentleman one evening last week.

Facetiæ.

Cranky things—Hand organs.

A full hand—Hired man on a drunk.

A round trip—Falling over a marble.

Is the knot in a porker's tail a pigs tye?

Out on a foul—Taking a ride on an ostrich.

When the moon gets full it keeps late hours.

The postage stamp knows its place after it has been licked once.

An ancient way of rocking a man to sleep was stoning him to death.

A man who owns a good oil well is said to live on the fat of the land.

A clock and a business concern have to be wound up when they run down.

If a man should lay a wager on the depth of a drain, could it be called betting on a sewer thing?

"There is no place like Chicago," says a Chicago paper. That's so, and a lucky thing it is, too.

A Delaware editor says the fellow who wants to know what will bring out the hair, should get married.

People in Spain are in great doubt as to whether their King will die a natural death, be assassinated, or get married.

A farmer on the shores of Lake Ontario has had nine acres washed away in twenty years. He is evidently losing ground.

The sun shines for all, the moon for the favored few; but how like mischief the stars wink at what is going on beneath them.

Scandal mongers may learn this lesson from the frog: Once overpassed the season of his adolescence he gives up tail-bearing.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, as the book-keeper remarked when he adopted his employer's autograph.

Never believe a man who is always telling what he used to do, who always deals with the past tense; for the past tense is a pretense.

The more style and display at the wedding, the more carriages and fine clothes, usually the more glaring head lines when the divorce is announced.

When Artemus Ward was exhibiting his show in Salt Lake City, his complimentary tickets to the city officials read as follows: "Admit bearer and one wife."

Some men are captivated by a woman's laugh, just as some men predict a pleasant day because the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chance for squalls.

An Irishman, who had on a very ragged coat, was asked of what kind of stuff it was made. "Bedad I don't know," says he; "I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

It has been discovered that the young men are more bashful in summer than in winter. You can't get some chaps within fifty feet of a girl during the ice cream season.

"I would box your ears" said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer, "if—" "If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a box large enough for the purpose."

Circumstances alter cases. The man who is on the train thinks it tarries too long at every station; not so the one who is half a block away and coming rapidly towards it when the whistle blows.

A South American plant has been found that cures bashfulness. It should be promptly tried on the man who leaves the hotel by the back window, because he is too diffident to say good bye to the clerk.

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, daddy; bills are not always paid when due." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

"Johnny" said a fond mother to her boy, "which would you rather do, speak French or Spanish?" "I would rather," said Johnny, rubbing his waistband, and looking expressively at the table, "I would rather talk Turkey."

Old gentleman: "I shall report you, young man. Why didn't you stop the car before? Here I have been running after your car more than a block." Conductor: All right, guv'nor, I'm sorry, but I ain't like a perlator, eyes all over."

Aunt Tabitha: "Tell your mamma, Rosie, I said you were a very good girl for bringing the letter around so carefully." Rosie: "Yes, Aunt Tabitha, and I'll tell her I didn't ask you for ten cents, because she told me not to, Aunt Tabitha."

A youth who went to a circus and stepped too near the monkeys' cage had his arm seized and savagely jerked by one of the monkeys. He would have escaped safely had he not said, "it was merely a monkey wrench," but when they heard that, the infuriated crowd threw him into the lion's cage.

A city girl got a button in her ear some year ago, and has had bad attacks of headache since. As no one knew a button was in her ear, the excellent idea of pushing a button-hole into the other ear did not occur to her friends, and the button remained there until the other day, when it fell out on its own account.

Rev. Mr. Pogson is the father of a boy who will probably distinguish himself. The evening before the last circus in the city where he resides the reverend gentleman was talking to his son about the beauty of heaven, when the child suddenly observed: "Papa, let's drop heaven, and talk circus." Heaven was dropped.

A young man writes to know if it is proper to take hold of a young lady's arm in promenading. Certainly it is. Nothing looks so nice as to see a tall youth walking with a little lady who comes not up to his shoulder, with his arm hooked into her's, lifting her half off her feet every time he steps. The nearer you can reach the appearance of taking a lady into custody like a policeman, the more genteel it is.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE—that it may be promptly administered in all sudden attacks of Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Colic, or any Affection of the Bowels, for which Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam is an effectual remedy. At this season of the year every family will find in it a useful and reliable curative.

New Publications.

One of the promising books of the season is A Fool's Errand, by One of the Fools, announced for September by Fords, Howard and Hulburt, of New York. This is a story of the life and adventures of a bona fide Northern settler in one of the Southern States since "the late unpleasantness," and, being genuine in incident and graphic in style, it will undoubtedly make a hit, as it deals with a much-discussed theme.

A new volume of Stories for Boys, by that admirable story teller, R. W. Raymond, author of The Man in the Moon, and Other People, and Pets and Playmates, a new juvenile by Miss Laura Edmonds (daughter of the late Judge Edmonds, of New York)—both full of interest for the young folks, and prettily illustrated; also a new edition of The Mode of Man's Immortality, by T. A. Goodwin, with additional chapters on Future Punishment and the Ministry of Angels, will be among their fall issues.

This house have nearly ready, also, a new novel, entitled Figs and Thistles, a Western story, by A. W. Tourgee, the author of Toinette (a tale of the South that aroused much interest a few years since). Figs and Thistles is described as a keenly characteristic American novel, combining the romance of love, law, larceny, war, Congressional life at Washington, and all the excitements of conflict among strong characters. A new edition of Toinette will be issued also, with a new preface by the author.

The Country and the Government, is the title of an interesting issue, published by Barnes & Co., New York, as No. 10 of their Atlas Series. It is by the eminent English Statesman W. E. Gladstone, and points out in the author's splendid manner the weaknesses and errors of the present administration. Bound in paper, price 10 cents.

Of Mr. Martin's Life of the Prince Consort the present volume, the fourth, covers the years 1857-58-59—a period however, which comprehends the Indian mutiny and the Franco-Italian war. Two years alone remain to be treated, and we may, therefore, look forward to the speedy completion of Mr. Martin's task in a fifth volume. This addition to the memoir is especially rich in memoranda, conversations and revelations of the designs cherished by certain exponents of absolutism at a critical epoch, and of the negotiations which they sometimes chose to conduct in person, without the intervention of official envoys. The meetings of the various sovereigns and interviews of heads of governments are particularly interesting and throw considerable light upon the inner workings of many events which have have hitherto stood in history in a totally different aspect. The whole work has been singularly attractive, but as the Prince's life draws near an end his interest and participation in the proceedings of courts and councils appear to increase. Published by Appleton & Co., New York.

One of the latest contributions to light literature, Elsa, is an interesting novel for several reasons—one, that it deals with Bohemian society in a foreign capital; another, that the heroine is an opera singer, and still another that the author is a clergyman. The sense of humor running through the book is very keen. The scene is laid in Munich, and Elsa, the heroine, is supposed to be an Italian, and passes for one until the last pages of the work. The hero is a praying hero, although he can fight with his fists when the time comes. He refuses to fight one duel, on moral grounds, but becomes a principal in another from a sense of duty. Elsa can hardly be called a sensational novel, yet it is certainly not common-place. The sketching of the various characters is good and although several are professionally akin to himself, the clerical author the Rev. A. C. Hegbin, is in no wise sparing of his touches. Altogether we can recommend Elsa as one of the brightest and freshest works at the season. Published by Lippincott & Co.

A work of great value for reference to all book-buyers, booksellers and book-makers, has just been issued by Howard Challen, of this city, comprising all new books published by upward of four hundred publishers, arranged alphabetically, by subject, so that any new book on any topic can be ascertained, any new book by any author, and also by the title, with the price and publisher. The present issue embraces books issued from November 1878 to June 1879. A supplement is in preparation of all books in November, 1879, with an Alphabetical Dictionary of all American and English Journals, arranged under subject or specialty, so that any Periodical, as well as any new book in any department of literature can at once be ascertained.

MAGAZINES.

We have received No. 4 of The United Service Quarterly Review of Military and Naval Affairs, which completes the first volume. Its contents are of the utmost interest to the class for whom the magazine is specially intended. The articles include: The Chesapeake and Shannon, Tests for Armies, Naval Education, Upon the Employment of Artillery during the North American War of Secession, Selection of Cannon for Future Armaments, Some Defects of our Cavalry System, North Africa—Proposed Inland Sea, A Naval Reminiscence, The Advent of Ironclads, The English in South Africa, The Sun's Repulsive Force, The Naval Brigade and the Marine Battalions in the Labor Strikes of 1877, The Difference Between Martial and Military Law, and other very interesting subjects. All the writers who belong to the Army and Navy treat their subjects with thorough completeness and ability. The publishers announce in consequence of the extraordinary success of the magazine, that hereafter, beginning with the issue of December, it will be published as a monthly. The price in the new form will be five dollars per year, or 50 cents per number.

The Sanitarium for September is especially rich in seasonable articles. Among them are The Education of Girls, as connected with their Growth and Physical Development, by Nathan Allen, M. D., L. L. D., Liernur's New System for Keeping Cities Clean, elucidated by diagrams and drawings, Practical Sanitation is the appropriate caption of the rules and regulations recommended by the National Board of Health for securing the best sanitary conditions under all the varying circumstances of populous communities, traffic, and travel. The Editor's Table is as usual filled with practical matter—all the more valuable for the keen criticism which pervades it. A. N. Bell, M. D., publisher, 17 Lafayette Place, New York.

Lady Vogel effectually assisted in rescuing a boy from drowning at Weir Beach, Nov.

Parties wishing to operate in Stocks in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. SMALLEY & GALE, Stock Brokers, 35 Broadway, N. Y.

News Notes.

The California grape crop this year is immense.

Water is one dollar a barrel in Belville, Nevada.

Arkansas is emulating Texas as a cattle driving State.

Parker county, Texas, boasts of cucumbers 36 inches long.

Mt. Stanford, in the Sierra Nevadas, is covered with red snow.

The nine salmon sent by Princess Louise, from her own catch, to the Queen, were welcomed with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Garibaldi is losing his popularity in Italy. Most of the journals are against him. He threatens unwisely to write a pamphlet.

The wages of laborers in Canada range from forty cents to one dollar a day, and some mechanics are working for from eighty cents to one dollar.

Mrs. Williams, the wife of Grant's Attorney-General, is back in Washington, where she once almost ruled society. She has long been in Europe.

Oliver Wendell was seventy years old a few days ago, and celebrated the occasion with a dinner to some immediate friends, and of course with a poem.

"The Princess of Bourbon" is the name of a new hat, which has a brim curving up at the sides, and the crown hidden by two long and three short feathers.

The practice of wearing court-plaster on the face, to add to its beauty, just suits the style of some women, and the more court-plaster they use the better.

Lieutenant General Valentine Baker Pasha is likely to be nominated by the Ottoman government to an important civil and military position in Kurdistan.

Burnet, Texas, has a professional ant killer. The inborn propensity to kill something that springs eternal in the Texas breast must be satisfied, you know.

Dr. Schlieman, the explorer, speaks Russian, English, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, Polish, Swedish, Arabic, and ancient as well as modern Greek.

The Lord Mayor of London has a salary of $60,000 free of income tax. His official robes and the Mansion House in which he lives are also furnished by the municipality.

A bashful South Bend girl refused to jump from the window of a burning building in her night dress, went back to her room to put on more clothes, and was burned to death.

Professor Tyndall, who has a house near Zermatt, says that this has been the most dreary summer he ever experienced in Switzerland. It has snowed hard at intervals all summer.

At the close of the war a young man named Cook hired out to herd sheep for $12 a month in Frio county, Texas. He now owns 150,000 acres of fenced land, 4,000 cattle and 7,000 sheep.

The London newspapers tell of a belle who paid $25 to have the initials of her lover's name tattooed on her arm, and later having quarrelled with him, was offering $500 for a means of obliteration.

There are only two male members of the Edgeworth family left, neither of whom lives at the old family residence at Edgeworthtown, though they still receive a small annual income from the heavily mortgaged estate.

A poor man in a country village has been in the habit of receiving from the pastor of the parish a pint of milk daily. At his death the poor man left a will, in which he bequeathed the daily pint of milk to his brother.

Moody and Sankey will hold meetings at Cleveland during October, and then go to St. Louis for the winter, where Mr. Moody will rent a furnished house, put his children at school, and make his home until next summer.

A Canadian, six feet seven inches in height, weighing two hundred and eighty pounds, and measuring fifty-two inches round the chest, is visiting his brother in Hydestown, Pa., and exciting the admiration of all beholders.

Russia is making a new effort to introduce the cultivation of tea. An attempt to raise the plant was made on the east coast of the Black Sea in 1871, but failed, although the conditions were supposed to be favorable. Better luck is hoped for now.

Chief Justice Morris of Ireland, and his wife and daughter were recently driving through a pass in the Tyrol, when an avalanche was heard. They jumped out of the carriage and hastened on. The carriage was swept away and the driver killed.

While a Chicago brewer and his wife were dancing and drinking wine at a neighbor's wedding one day last week, their daughter, who had remained at home on the plea of having "such a headache," quietly ran away with a young man and got married.

A schooner left Pensacola for Key West the other day, chartered to bring back a load of sea-shells from the latter place to Pensacola, whence they will be shipped to interior cities. These shells will be of the pretty and fanciful kind, and designed for ornamental work.

A case attracting considerable attention in London at last accounts was that of Arthur Howell, who had brought suit for damages for false imprisonment, his friends having had him confined in an asylum as a dangerous lunatic, when, as he avers, he was entirely sane.

A man wearing wet clothes, and carrying a fishing-rod and a basket, stopped a train on the Erie Railroad by giving a danger signal. "What's the matter?" the conductor asked. The man coolly replied that he had caught an enormous trout, and thought the passengers might like to take a look at it.

Hop Bitters does not exhaust and destroy, but restores, cures, and makes new.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian will be seventy-nine the third day of next October. He is said to spend his time at Newport in writing fresh chapters of his history, in cultivating roses, in taking daily horseback rides, and in encouraging pretty misses to address him, the venerable cavalier, by the endearing name of "George."

The bonanzas which have been developed in the Black Hills up to the present time lie in a belt extending through hills and gulches for a distance of about two miles. The belt is a vein which is about 300 feet in width, but varies very much. A very large amount of capital is invested in working the mines located in this seam of ore.

The late R. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, leaves an estate of $2,000,000.

Queen Victoria's effigy on postage stamps has never been changed in England, but some of the colonies have stamps representing her appearance since widowhood. The Emperor of Brazil's effigy was altered a few years ago from youth to middle age.

A young lady belonging to a well-known family in the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, lately committed suicide under painful circumstances. She was engaged to be married to a young Italian, and the banns were already put up, when the expected bridegroom decamped with the lady's jewels. On learning the news she swallowed a dose of poison.

Anna Mayer, of Louisville, was told by her parents to practice steadily at the piano for two hours. They heard her pounding the keys about half of the prescribed time, and then the sound ceased. Mr. Mayer soon went to the parlor, and found her lying on the floor unconscious from chloroform, while two negro thieves were ransacking in an adjoining room.

A young man in Rochester, N. Y., who was locked in his room by his room-mate, determined to get out. He tied two sheets together, fastened the end to the window, and then went down from the third story hand under hand. When he got to the lower end he found he had a long distance to jump. A crowd gathered on the sidewalk and begged him to hold on and not attempt to leap. He was finally hauled into a side window.

The Products of Indigestion.

Inability of the stomach to act upon the food is productive of speedy mischief to the entire bodily economy. The circulation languishes and grows poor; leanness, pallor, and a loss of muscular and organic power supervene; but, worse than this, the functions associated with and dependant upon digestion, such as evacuation and the secretion of bile, grow irregular, and the organs whose business it is to discharge those functions become badly disordered. This disastrous state of things is more readily and thoroughly rectified with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters than any known medicinal agent. The stomach being invigorated, the life-giving principles of the blood are increased, the system properly nourished, leanness and debility overcome, and the bowels and liver thoroughly and promptly regulated.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

To Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

One dessert spoonful of "Sapanula" to a tumbler of water, cures Canker Sore Mouth. Rinse mouth thoroughly and often.

Kidney and urinary trouble is universal, and the only safe and sure cure is Hop Bitters—rely on it.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Just the Thing to Please the Children

80 ASSORTED PICTURE CARDS

For 25 Cts.

Send 25 cts. to JNO. A. HADDOCK, 712 CHESTNUT St., PHILADELPHIA, PA., and you will receive by return mail, postage paid, a neat paper case containing EIGHTY BEAUTIFUL PICTURE CARDS.

☞ Try it.

References—The Editor of this Paper.

FREE GIFT! TO ALL who suffer with RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, NERVOUS and SEXUAL DEBILITY, GENERAL ILL HEALTH, Wasting, Decay, URINARY DISEASES, SPINAL DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, Etc., Etc., to whom will be sent my Book on Medical Electricity, and Electro Galvanic Belts, world renowned for their success in saving many valuable lives, by CURING ALL CHRONIC DISEASES. Send Symptoms and Stamp for Diagnosis to

DR. G. W. FORBES,
174 W. FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

Free! A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT. Free!

Any person sending 25 cts. to cover expense of packing and mailing, will receive by return mail an elegant box of perfumed French PAPETERIE, 24 envelopes and sheets of paper, and a 32 page Autograph Album illustrated with ferns, flowers, &c. We depend on future orders for our profit. MACK & CO., Springfield, Ill.

MANY BATHS IN ONE
Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral
Centennial Award Medal and Diploma, against the world.
Price Reduced
Old Iron Restored.

Send for Circulars. E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

go after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE, SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

OVARIAN TUMOR

OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
—BY—
DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.
32 Warren Street, New York.

THE SOLARGRAPH WATCH Only $1

A perfect Time-Keeper, Hunting-Case and Heavy Plated Chain, latest style. We warrant it for 5 years to denote time as correctly as a $100 Chronometer Watch, and will give the correct time to any part of the world. Besides, it also contains a First-Class Compass, which is alone worth the price we charge for the timepiece. For Men, Boys, School-Teachers, Travelers, Mechanics, and Farmers, it is indispensable. They are as good as a high priced watch and in many cases more reliable. Just think of it! A Hunting Case Watch and Chain for $1.00! The Solargraph Watch is used by the Principal of the Charlestown High School, and is being fast introduced into all the schools throughout the United States, and is destined to become the most useful Time-Keeper ever invented. The Solargraph Watch received a Medal at the Mechanics' Fair, Boston, in 1878. This is no toy, but is made on scientific principles, and every one is warranted to be accurate and reliable. We have made the price very low simply to introduce them at once, after which the price will be raised. The Solargraph Watch and Chain is put up in a neat outside case, and sent to any address for $1.00. We have made the price so low, please send two stamps, if convenient, to help pay postage. This offer is good for sixty days only, and will appear but once. But two watches sent to one person. Name this paper.

P. W. WILLIAMS, Chicago, Ill

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

READ and PROFIT | A Word to the Wise IS SUFFICIENT. Allen's Lung Balsam

Is Warranted to Break up the Most Troublesome Cough or Cold in an incredibly short time.
Physicians Recommend it. Try it. Sold by druggists.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED in every County to Canvass for our STAPLE HARDWARE SPECIALTIES. They sell in every family. Live Canvassers clear $5 to $10 per day. Circulars and terms to Agents. LIVINGSTON & Co., Iron Founders, Pittsburgh, Pa.

60 Lily, Floral, Enamel, Gilt Scroll, motto, marble cards no 2 alike, name on 10c. Card Mills, Northford Ct.

$2 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Agents wanted. Address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

(Cut is not near full size.)

This is an elegant Pocket-Book of a new design, made of Russia leather and handsomely finished with nickel plated mountings and clasps. It is arranged with pockets suitable for either silver, scrip or bills, and has a beautiful silk handle with tassels attached. They are equal to pocket-books sold in the stores for $1.25 to $1.50, and yet we send one by mail post-paid as a premium to any one sending five subscribers to Farm and Fireside at 50 cents a year. We are confident that our lady readers will be delighted with this new premium, and are sure that a more acceptable present could not be found.

PRICE OF POCKET-BOOK, post-paid, including one year's subscription to Farm and Fireside is $1.

It is only because they are manufactured in large quantities especially for us that we can afford them at such a low price.

FARM and FIRESIDE is the most popular Agricultural and Home Journal in the U. S. It is suited to the home circle in city, town or country, and is a welcome visitor in every household. Farm and Fireside is published twice a month, it contains 8 large pages, and the circulation is so large that we can afford to publish it at 50 cents a year, although each copy contains as much reading matter as most journals costing $2 to $4 per year.

SAMPLE COPIES of Farm and Fireside and Premium List sent to any address for 3-cent stamp.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS plainly to PUBLISHERS of FARM and FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

BARGAIN.

GREAT

THE BEST KNIFE IN THE WORLD. Every lady and gentleman should have one of these knives, so as not to wear the pockets. They are made of the finest material, and finished in the very best manner by the most skilled workmen, are regular beauties and favorites with everybody; they give better satisfaction for general purposes than any other knife on the market. These knives are imported from Europe in large quantities, especially for us, and are cheaper, handsomer and better made than knives sold in most stores at $1.50 each. For a short time we will send one of these

KNIVES FREE

as a premium to any one sending us two subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at 50 cts. a year.

The following cut is exact size and represents the BEST 2 BLADE KNIFE, that is made, and is made with round corners at both ends, so as not to wear the pockets. They are made of the finest material, and finished in the very best manner by the most skilled workmen, are regular beauties and favorites with everybody; they give better satisfaction for general purposes than any other knife on the market. These knives are imported from Europe in large quantities, especially for us, and are cheaper, handsomer and better made than knives sold in most stores at $1.50 each. For a short time we will send one of these

HANDSOME 2 BLADE KNIFE

as a premium to any one sending us two subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at 50 cts. a year, or for one subscription and 25 cts. additional.

PRICE OF IMPORTED 2 BLADE KNIFE, post-paid, and year's subscription to Farm and Fireside is $1.

AN EXCELLENT 2 BLADE KNIFE made in this country, but not quite so large as the cut, will be given as a premium to any one sending us three subscriptions to Farm and Fireside at 50 cents each, or for two subscriptions and 25 cts. additional.

PRICE OF AMERICAN 2 BLADE KNIFE, post-paid, and year's subscription to Farm and Fireside is $1.

FARM and FIRESIDE is the most popular Agricultural and Home Journal in the U. S. It is suited to the home circle in city, town or country, and is a welcome visitor in every household. Farm and Fireside is published twice a month, it contains 8 large pages, and the circulation is so large that we can afford to publish it at 50 cents a year, although each copy contains as much reading matter as most journals costing $2 to $4 per year.

SAMPLE COPIES of Farm and Fireside and Premium List sent to any address for 3-cent stamp.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS plainly to PUBLISHERS of FARM and FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio.

The Garratt Electric Disk and Belt

Very highly recommended by first-class Physician for the relief and cure of nervous and chronic ailments, such as Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica &c. This is the only effectual dry battery for wearing on the body or limbs known to the healing art, for short or prolonged applications of primary medical electricity it is perfect and self acting (without shock). It is durable and easy to wear and perfectly safe in all cases, specially adapted for delicate ladies. Used simply as a pad wet the skin. Small disk for children for headache, &c., $1. Large or circle disk $2 50. Long Belt $3 50 & $5. For sale by Druggists and Surgical Instrument makers. Manufactured by Electric Disk and Belt Co., D. W. McFarlane, Manager, No. 7, Exchange Place, Boston.

$1 SWISS ORGAN $1

Known as the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX. We will send to every reader of this paper the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, 8 tunes, as follows: "Home Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Tommy, make room for Your Uncle," "Baby Mine," "Hold the Fort," "The Blue Danube Waltz," "Dreaming near the Moonlight," "All among the Hay Boys." We will send the Tyrolean Music Box by mail on receipt of $1; 2 boxes for $2. SCOTT & SON, 31 Park Row, N. Y.

DON'T FAIL

to send stamp for the Largest, Handsomest and most complete Catalogue of TYPE, PRESSES, CUTS, &c., published.

LOWEST PRICES. LARGEST VARIETY.

NATIONAL TYPE CO., 58 South Third St., PHILADELPHIA.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES,

of EVERY KIND, only 25c. per doz. (Singer's, 2 doz. for 40c.) Sent post paid. Stamps taken.

Address J. F. PONDER, 172 FOURTH Street, Louisville, Ky.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

Address BAKER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

20 New Style Chromo Cards 10c., or 25 new styles mixed 10c. postpaid. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

(Copyright.)

HOW TO MAKE LACE

ROYAL, PRINCESS, HONITON AND POINT.

250 Illustrations and a handsome Pattern on LINEN with plain directions How to clean LACE 30c., Mailed Free, including samples of Braids and Illustrated Catalogues. MME. GURNEY & CO., 828 Broadway, N. Y. LACE and LACE PATTERN manufacturers of REAL LINEN BRAIDS, etc.

LACE PATTERNS.

Illustrated Book of Designs of over 200 Collars, Cuffs Necklace Fichus, etc., and Gigantic Supplement, 25c. Mme. Gurney & Co., New York.

ARRASENE.

A new and beautiful material for Artistic Embroidery. The first importation into this country just received by us. As Sole Agents for the Manufacturers and Patentees. Floral Mats already worked, (as samples) 25c. Instruction Book 25c. MME. GURNEY & CO., New York and Brooklyn.

CURE BY ABSORPTION!

"SAPANULE"

The Great External Remedy!

For Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Chilblains, Bunions, Corns, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Lame Back, Bites of Insects, relieves and cures Poison, and all skin diseases. Used in baths is a sure preventive of fevers and contagious diseases.

Sold by all Druggists.

50c. and $1.00 per Bottle.

SAMUEL GERRY & CO., Prop'a. Office, 237 B'way LAZELL, MARSH & GARDINER, Wholesale Agents, New York.

EVERY LADY IN THE LAND SHOULD USE

THE COMMON-SENSE

Hair Crimper, Curler, AND FRIZZER,

It recommends itself by its Low Price, Durability, Beauty, Neatness and Comfort. Don't make yourself hideous with scraps of curl papers, mottling your fair head or unsightly iron crimpers which break and destroy the hair—woman's glory—when you can for a trifle secure the incomparable COMMON SENSE HAIR CRIMPER, FRIZZER AND CURLER.

One dozen sent to any address postpaid on receipt of price 25 Cents, in currency or postage stamps.

J. D. MILNOR & CO.,

Lock Box 8, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

THE TAMPICO BUSTS

now used in

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET and Skirt Supporter are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.

The FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET, (120 bones) fits with perfect ease and is Warranted not to break over the hips. Price, - - $1.25.

For Sale by leading Merchants.

WARNER BRO'S, 351 Broadway, New York.

JAMES H. BUNN.

Wall Paper & Window Shade Depot,

TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILADELPHIA

N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalleled success. 1 000 testimonials. State your case and address

DR. F. E. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards with name, 10c. postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

THE LATCH STRING ALWAYS OUT

A STANDING INVITATION

And the right kind of

A WELCOME

To all

VISITORS AT

JOHN WANAMAKER'S

GRAND DEPOT,

Which is now one of

THE CITY SIGHTS

Being

The Largest DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, and general outfitting House thus far established.

A FAULTLESS NEW STOCK FOR AUTUMN NOW OPENING.

Orders for samples sent to persons who cannot purchase in person.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

Grand Depot, - - - 13th Street,

Philadelphia.

American Fruit-Preserving Powder

AND LIQUID is the Cheapest, Most Reliable, and Best-Known Method of preserving all kinds of FRUITS, TOMATOES, Etc., STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, and all high-colored Fruits retain their rich color as well as flavor. One ounce of it (costing 3 cents) is equal to 8 lbs. of sugar in preserving properly.

Established over ten years, and endorsed by thousands upon thousands of families. One trial will establish the fact that the AMERICAN FRUIT-PRESERVING POWDER and LIQUID will effectually prevent fermentation and preserve all kinds of FRUITS, TOMATOES, Etc., and keep them the year round, or for years, in jars of any kind or size, or in wooden kees and barrels, WITHOUT SEALING AIR-TIGHT. Simply corked or tied down with a strong paper is all that is needed.

The Fruit will keep WITHOUT SUGAR, or any quantity of sugar may be added as desired.

WARRANTED TO BE AS HEALTHFUL AS TABLE SALT.

The Fruit, etc., may be cooked little or much, as desired. They will keep without any cooking, or they may be cooked down into sauce. The method is simple and easy. None can fail if the Powder and Liquid is added to the Fruit, etc., in quantity as directed.

One package will preserve 256 pounds of Fruit, Tomatoes, etc. Price ONE DOLLAR per package.

Give it a trial. If you cannot get it from your Druggist or Grocer, I will send it prepaid to any express office in the United States east of the Mississippi River, upon receipt of the price; or west of the Mississippi River and east of the Rocky Mountains for $1.25 per package.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. Address

L. P. WORRALL, No. 24 Liberty Street, N. Y.

A GREAT OFFER!!! 100 PIANOS AND ORGANS at EXTRAORDINARY LOW prices for cash. SPLENDID ORGANS $31, $42; 5 Stops $47, 7 do $53, 9 do $62, 11 do $67, 12 do $76, 13 do $87. 7 Octave SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS $125 do $131, 7 1-3 do $140 and $153, not used SIX Months. Warranted 5 years. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. HORACE WATERS, Agent, Manufacturer and Dealer, 40 East 14th St., New York. P. O. Box, 3530.

BALD HEAD and SMOOTH FACE! ATTENTION!—For a Sure and Rapid Growth of Hair upon Bald Heads and Smooth Faces, use

COSMETIC PREPARATION,

which NEVER FAILS. Price 50 cents. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Address H. H. WITHERSTINE & CO., Herkimer, N. Y.

New Mexico.

Parties having LAND CLAIMS or LANDS in this Territory

Who DESIRE TO SELL, Send Full Particulars, Synopsis of Title and Map of same to

J. WISE NORTON, P. O. Box 1979. Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints, etc. No clerks. Advice free.

60 Cards, 20 Chromo, 10 motto, 30 Ocean Shells, Snow flake, &c. Name on, 10c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE radical changes which have occurred the present season have been less of design and fabric than color. It is true that the revival of the panier has created a diversion from the sheath-like closeness of previous styles, but still it is so restricted in its form, and so susceptible of modification, that it is only in very rare instances that startling contrasts are presented between the designs of to-day and those of a year ago. The texture of fabrics is almost precisely the same, soft, undressed, clinging; it is only in the popularity which has been finally achieved for satin, and the rich varieties of figures in silks that changes have taken place, and these have simply emphasized an evident previous tendency. In colors, however, there is much to occupy attention, because the diversity is greater even than the novelty. No one can say that a complete change has taken place, or that it is revolutionary, because there is nothing absolute, and if light colors and positive contrasts are seen in the street, it is side by side with unobtrusive black and neutral grey. Still, because the change is in the direction of higher, brighter, and lighter tints, it is all the more striking, and forces itself upon the attention. It admits of a diversity to which we have long been strangers, for solid dark colors had become almost a uniform for the street. There is a return this season to such old fashions as made-up fichus and mantelets of black net mounted with narrow passementeries, galloons, moss trimmings, and gimps, laid across in clusters, alternating with lace leaves applied, or lace sewed on. These, and other small black garments of silk or satin, some of which are belted in, are worn over light and colored dresses in the fashion of twenty-five years ago.

There is nothing so remarkable in the range of the toilet this season as the beauty and rarity of the trimmings. There are stuffs handembroidered in lovely designs in natural colors upon satin. Soft Persian silks in which the delicate colors are blended upon a ground that reproduces the various hues of the sky, in darts and tiny dashes, in fitful suggestions, rather than in any definite and decided pattern. These are used less for dresses than for trimming upon pale creamy gazelines, fine India woois, and the like. Then the fringes are something marvellous in the cost which is put into styles quite simple apparently in construction, but really containing elements of which formerly only jewelry was composed. The advantages of these are lightness and permanency, the fine pure cut jet having scarcely any weight, and being put together with the care that the choice character of the materials demand. The ribbons show equal, if not superior, distinction and character, and of the rich, costly, and more striking styles only a small quantity is used; for example, upon a black chip hat, trimmed with black satin ribbon and black Breton lace, a single loop of elegant gold and chintz brocaded ribbon upon a creamy ground will be placed to the left, upon the front, emphasizing the modified Alsatian bow, which usually forms part of the trimming, and giving tone and character to the whole bonnet.

The past few seasons have brought a great compensation to intelligent women with small incomes in the lovely cotton fabrics, which seem to have been made in order to bring as much beauty as lies in folds of silk and satin within their reach. Every one should endeavor to possess at least a single dress for indoor wear of foulard finished cambric, or satin finished chintz cotton, pretty colors softened by at least a narrow edge upon the ruffles, at the neck and wrist by an inexpensive linen lace. The Pompadour designs are so beautiful in themselves that they make even a cotton costume look the dress of a Marquise of the last century.

It is certain that dress has become as varied as the flowers of the two hemispheres, and fashion now resembles a traveler who has visited every part of the globe, and has brought home a collection of the beauties of all nations. And thus a public promenade now, or a drawing-room, resembles more a fancy costume ball than a prosaic day reunion. But let us not complain; dress has thereby become a study and a poem, and if you notice how few, how very few plain people you meet nowadays, that may convince you that we have at last struck into the right path, where every lady may select a costume best suited to her style. I will even carry my comparison further by bidding you look at certain ladies of your acquaintance, who are better looking now than they were ten or fifteen years ago. Why? Because fashion is now kinder to them. That is all.

The Louis XVI. style is more general than any other, and this because it allows ladies to wear both long and short dresses. It has been said that short dresses are worn also for dinner and evening toilette. They are, but only by young ladies—very young, or very slim of figure. Short costumes intended for full dress, whether for home or abroad, should be very elegant, very tastefully trimmed, and must be well supported by corresponding tournures. Very pretty short dresses are made of white tussore. The skirt is trimmed with three or four flounces, edged with white lace, and headed with a bouillonnee. The upper part of the skirt is draped in front, and trimmed down with white ribbons to match. The panlers at the sides and back are edged with lace. The body is cut square, and may form a waistcoat in front, or may be pulled into the waist with a deep belt. Sleeves to the elbow, with lace frills falling over the arm. Bretonne lace still keeps its favor for dress trimmings.

The fashion of wearing a flower on one side of the neck ruche, close to the left ear, has become quite general with high bodies. With square bodies the flower is worn on one side of the square. For evening the flower may be worn on one shoulder. The demi-wreath, covering one entire side from shoulder to front of bust, is less seen.

The new whim in jewelry is a fly, which is worn, even in the daytime, for earrings and for brooch. This little fly is imitated so perfectly that you are tempted to blow it off a white lace cravat when you see it there. In flowers it is the tulip which is in favor, and this stupid, gaudy, scentless flower threatens once more to become quite an epidemic.

Gold and silver are lavished everywhere, and the mixture of colors has no precedent.

I see casaquins which might have been made out of the chair covers that belonged to the Louis XV. period. One I specially remarked had a greenish-blue ground, and was covered with embroidered black and red dragons, and an intricate vermicelli design in gold thread running between them; the skirt was blue-green foulard, trimmed with bands of the same material as the casaquin, and a profusion of fringe combining all the colors to be found in it. The cuffs and color were old Venetian lace. Dresses made of checked foulard handkerchiefs seem quite simple now by the side of these bizarre arrangements and complications. The new colors are grenouille (frog) green, and vieux chaudron green, which has a tinge of yellow in it; sulphur, which is mixed with pink; the North Pole blue which is a pale shade tinted with violet, in distinction to turquoise, which is tinted with green.

The Gorge de Pigeon or pigeon's throat silk, and indeed all shot silks, are in great favor now, although never used alone for a dress. They are combined with flowered monseline de laine, and with cashmere patterned foulard.

A black gauze costume has a Louis XV. waistcoat, made of small black satin rouleaux; this gilet is joined to the corsage by a flat band jet embroidery, the gauze which is made up over silk is of two kinds, one fine and plain, the other very open, and chequered in small squares. Of the chequered gauze the bodice is composed; it is finely drawn, so as to edge the gilet, en fichu.

Another useful and practical toilette, which can be copied by ladies at home, is composed of a black silk dress and a lace shawl. The silk skirt is edged by a five inch deep band of bias silk; the edges of this band have narrow cocks'-comb pleatings, the silk corsage, cut low and square, is put on under the skirt; over this corsage a lace casaque, demi-fitting and with lace sleeves, is worn. The front is trimmed with lace to form a fichu over a white point d'aiguille lace waistcoat; the sleeves are trimmed to match; the casaque has deep lace panlers, edged by a flounce of black silk and satin reversible ribbon. The seam at the back is covered by a tiny lace insertion, with waved edges.

And now, before I close, a word as to the newest traveling dresses. The reign of brown and grey for this purpose is at an end. Only year, for the shortest journeys, Quaker colors were de rigueur; now the gayest trimmings enliven those sombre hues. Almond color camel's hair is a good fabric, but many costumes are made of dark cypress green, gendarme blue, old-gold brown, and blue-gray; and mosaic silk is used for trimming. The gay bordering on India cashmere shawls, applied as in narrow bands, trims almond-brown camel's hair; bands of black, green, and red Scotch plaid trim olive-green bunting; and Creole borders or the bright red and yellow checks of bandanas are seen on bottle-green camel's hair costumes. The newest make is a plain redingote with a short round skirt. The redingote, although shaped like a gentleman's great coat, is a long plain over dress, cut Princesse fashion, skirt and bodice in one. It is entirely without drapery, reaches almost to the edge of the dress, and is open to the waist in the centre of the back. Two large buttons mark the waist, and there is always a rolling collar in front. The edges of the redingote are simply stitched, showy large buttons are used, and it is precisely one of those garments that require to be tailor-made. The fronts are cut away, and disclose the skirt trimmed with deep kiltings across its front breadths. In seal brown wool, with trimmings of mosaic silk in which old-gold and seal-brown predominate, the effect of this costume is very stylish.

Brittany lace, although still largely used, is no longer a novelty. Fichus, cravats, ruchings, etc., are now made of fine spotted net, known as *tulle point d'esprit*. This net is very becoming and washes well, remaining clear and soft. They are now making very pretty scarfs of it. They are about a yard and a half long, and instead of being edged with Brittany lace, the ends are finished with a double frill of the net, each frill being adorned with tiny embroidered scallops. Bows and *jabots* are made with the same dotted net.

Fireside Chat.

IN addition to the recipes for preserving fruit, which appeared last week in the Fireside Chat, I give the following, which I think will be found very good and reliable:

Preserving Peaches Old-fashioned Style.—Pare and halve the peaches, taking out the stones, and lay them in sugar, allowing three-quarters of a pound to one of fruit, or, if more sweetness is preferred, allow five pounds of sugar to six of fruit. After laying in the sugar a little while, the juice of the fruit will have been dissolved enough to make a syrup. It is best to cook about eight pounds of fruit at a time. When the sugar is dissolved and boiling, cook the fruit about fifteen minutes; then drain out and half fill the jars, boil the syrup ten minutes longer and pour over the fruit. A few peach-stones boiled in the syrup give it a good flavor. In filling the kettle with the fruit and sugar, place it back of the fire where a gentle heat will gradually penetrate and dissolve the sugar. Peaches have so much juice, it is ample for the syrup without adding any water.

Here is another recipe which will prove reliable:

Peach Figs.—Pare the peaches and cut them in half, weigh them, and allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit; put them in the kettle alternately with the sugar, heat them gradually, until the sugar is dissolved, then boil them until clear, take them out with a perforated skimmer or a fork, lay them on dishes without any syrup, put them in the sun, and turn them frequently until dry, putting them on dry dishes if the syrup drains out of them. When so dry that you can handle them, pack them in drums or boxes, with layers of sifted sugar, beginning with the sugar and finishing with it. You may boil more peaches in the same syrup if you have enough left. These are better than figs.

Marmalade.—Half a peck of pippin apples, a quarter of a peck of pears, half a peck of peaches, a quarter peck of quinces, two quarts of water, and the peel of a large orange grated and added with the juice half an hour before the marmalade is done. Put the parings and cores of the quinces in the water and boil a short time, closely covered to prevent evaporation. Strain them out and put the water on the quinces and pears, all cut small; boil them for an hour, then add the other fruit and five pounds of sugar, boil gently two hours, stirring them to prevent burning; add the juice and rind of the orange, and boil half an hour longer.

Preserved Tomatoes.—Procure the little pear-shaped yellow tomatoes, wash and wipe them, weigh them and allow three quarters of a pound of sifted sugar to every pound of tomatoes; prick each one with a coarse needle in five or six places; put the sugar over the fire in a preserving kettle, with a teacup of boiling water to six pounds of sugar; stir it over a slow fire until all is dissolved, then put in the tomatoes and cook until clear; when half done, add the juice and rind cut very thin of two large fresh lemons. When the fruit is clear, take it out with a perforated skimmer, put it in small jars two-thirds full; boil the syrup fast for six minutes more, then fill up the jars, and let them stand until next day; then cover closely and keep in a cool place.

Citron Melon.—Pare off the hard green rind, cut the melon in quarters and take out the seeds; then cut it into squares or slices half an inch in thickness and weigh it. Allow a pound of sugar to every pound of citron, put the melon in a pan of cold water with a handful of salt for an hour, then wash it in clean fresh water, make a weak syrup of sugar (not what was weighed) and water, put the citron in it and boil ten minutes, then take out the citron, throw this syrup out, and make another with the sugar you weighed and a little cold water; put the citron in it, and boil until clear and tender, skimming it well; add to it the juice of two large lemons, being careful to pick out the seeds; pare the rind off thin with a sharp knife, boil with the citron about fifteen minutes before you take it off the fire. When the melon is done, put it in small jars, a little peel in each one, let it stand in a cool place until next day, and then cover closely.

Spiced Cantelope.—Take cantelopes fit for the table, cut them in half, scrape out all the seeds, slice and pare them, put them in an earthen pan, and cover them with good cider-vinegar; let them stand twenty four hours, then strain off the juice and vinegar, measure a quart of juice for each preserving kettle of fruit that you may have, and to every quart add three pounds of light-brown sugar, half an ounce of cloves, the same of cinnamon in sticks, and half an ounce of blades of mace; put the vinegar and spice over the fire with the melon and boil fifteen minutes; take out the melon and lay it in jars three parts full; boil the syrup fifteen minutes more and pour over hot. When cold, close the jars. This is very nice.

Home Decoration.—It is much the fashion now to put a basket jardiniere, filled with flowers and ferns, before the fire place when the fire is not required; and if a gilded trellis is added at the back, it enhances the effect. A gilded trellis of either wire or narrow wood, with a long stick at the sides to push into the mould of the flower box, with ferns rising up high against it, and little gilded tin receptacles for a small fern, and a drooping spray of ivy up the sides at distances, with a tin trough hung on to the back in which ivy is planted and trained to fall over the trellis in front, is an extremely pretty, graceful ornament for either a dressing-room or a conservatory. Any sorts of ferns will do, from maiden-hair to the common little wood ones. Three little children's wooden buckets, gilded and nailed together, with a fern growing in each, looked very pretty on some small tables in a conservatory that I was in the other day, and I also saw three common strawberry straw "pottles" gilded, glued together, fixed on to a little piece of wood, with a flowering creeper planted in. The lady of the house had amused herself in utilising odds and ends, and had gilded them herself. Another original idea was making lamp and candle shades of the Japanese paper parasols now so much seen. The little ones, which can be had for a very few cents each, went over the wire candle frames sold at all lamp shops. The stick was removed and the little joints attached, the top was cut away and a thread run in out to keep the paper in shape. Some had a narrow little colored silk fringe or a piece of lace gumined on by way of a finish. The large ones were arranged in exactly the same way, and were merely put over the globes of lamps. It was not the very large ones that were used, but those of medium size. There were varieties, and some were on lamp wire frames. A group of suspended lamps had a Japanese shade over each. In a conservatory they look well.

A tea table was shown me the other day, made of six painted china tiles set in black wood. It had been so constructed that by touching it in a particular way it could be turned up to look like a low screen. This may be a novel idea to some one who is fond of painting on china tiles. As a table it was very pretty and ornamental. A pair of brown blanket curtains, hung up before a very cold draughty hall door, had a broad border of large lilies and leaves, appliqué on in light blue sateen, and were looped back with broad bands of blue when not required. They were veined and outlined with blue worsted of the same shade. Another pair had large poppies and wheat ears in clusters, every cluster being tied round the stalks with a shaded light-blue ribbon, all worked in thick fleecy wools; the bands were worked to match. There was a space between every bunch. Some bedroom curtains were of brown holland with a broad band of light blue serge, on which was worked a design of lilies and leaves cut out and appliqued; the band of serge was 14 in. wide, and the design 8½ in. There was an undulating stalk, first chain-stitched, and then (after the ground was cut away) buttonholed with unbleached thread, and then a large lily on one side and a leaf or two, then a bud and another lily from the other side, and so on, so that there was no stiffness. The mantelshelf and table were covered with blue, and had narrower borders, matching the curtains and the quilt and a chair back, all en suite.

Answers to Inquirers.

A. O. G. (New Orleans, La.)—Write to any prominent bookseller.

DORA, (Wilmington, Del.)—The passion-flower in floral language signifies: "Let love to God precede all other love."

SERPENT, (Dover, Miss.)—As you omit entirely to state what you are, or what situation you hold, it is impossible to answer your question.

B. F., (Irwin, Ga.)—Where there is a muddy place in the road and room only for one to walk, a gentleman who is accompanying a lady should go first, in order to be able to assist her.

DON PEDRO, (Windham, Vt.)—The first bishop in America was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Seabury, consecrated bishop of Connecticut by four nonjuring prelates, at Aberdeen, Scotland, November 14, 1784.

LAURIE, (Dow, Mich.)—It is not proper for you to commence a correspondence with an absent gentleman, with whom you are slightly acquainted. Besides, how can you tell what use he might make of your letters?

CLARA, (Crawford, Ind.)—The reason is that in the "Breeches Bible" Adam and Eve are said to have made themselves "breeches," instead of "aprons," of fig leaves, hence the term "Breeches Bible." 2. Not certain.

G. E., (Escambia, Ala.)—Young ladies generally have an intuitive knowledge how to render themselves agreeable towards young gentlemen; and if they have not, it is impossible to give them any set of rules for the purpose.

STUDENT, (Kent, Del.)—Dissolve one drachm of oxalic acid in half a wineglassful of warm water. With a fine camel hair pencil or pen, pass some of the liquid over the ink you wish to obliterate, and it will shortly disappear.

WALKER, (Juniata, Pa.)—Before putting on your stockings, turn them inside out and well rub the threads of the feet with common brown soap, and you wont have to complain of sore or blistered feet when you "march out."

IDA, (Washington, Tenn.)—Beware of jealousy; it is the green-eyed monster, which doth make the meat it feeds on. The venom-clamors of a jealous woman poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. We think you are wrong in the matter.

X. Y. Z., (Wadesboro, N. C.)—The questions were answered in a previous number of THE POST. Take the oil in porter or other malt liquor. Should they not be handy, pure whisky would be a good substitute. Take the oil about half an hour before meals.

READER, (Du Page, Ill.)—The ex-Empress Eugenie's father was Count Montijo, a grandee of Spain, whose origin has been traced to the Porto-Carrero family of Genoa, which, after settling in Spain in the 14th century, formed connections with many illustrious houses.

HAN, (Cedar, Iowa.)—You say your father requires you to be home at night at a certain hour, and you think this very cruel treatment. Your opinion of kindness and cruelty will change when you become older; till then, believe your parents know best what possible peril you escape by obedience to this rule.

JAMES, (Richmond, Va.)—A man may lack the faculty of expression just as another may want the ability to run fast. The only way, then, is to cultivate it, and to supply it by care, diligence and reading. Read much, write a good deal, using certain words. When in company listen without talking much, and take care that what you do say is worth hearing.

REITH, (Morris, N. J.)—We really cannot undertake to write a small essay on so delicate a subject as the relative value and meaning of kisses, whether those of a gentleman or lady. 2. The hair ought to be wetted once a week in tepid water. To do so oftener would weaken it. Your own hair should be cut frequently to prevent the ends from splitting.

SUMMERS, (Madison, Ark.)—There is an especial provision in the Old Testament against swearing rash oaths. We cannot counsel your lover to break his. You may learn the folly of "taunting" him, and he the exceeding stupidity of getting into a rage upon so small a matter as a woman's taunt. He who cannot command his temper must be very small indeed.

M. G. F., (Phila., Pa.)—Sheridan Knowles, the playwright, was born on the 19th of May, 1781, in Arme street, Cork. His first drama was "The Gipsy," performed at Waterford, when he was twenty-five years old. About two years afterwards "Caius Gracchus" was produced at Belfast, followed by "Virginius" at Glasgow. "William Tell" and other dramas succeeding.

BERT, (Waukesha, Wis.)—You cannot become a ventriloquist unless you have a natural tendency toward the same; in other words, the organs of the throat must have a peculiar formation. It cannot be learnt to any way we know of. Though, if you happen to possess the gift, you may perfect and increase it with practice. 2. We never have heard of the book you mention.

CARRON, (Wayne, O.)—If two children were shut up in a room without anybody speaking to them till they were fifteen years of age, they would speak no language at all. The experiment has been tried more than once and always so resulted. It is a dream of the old philosophers that such children would speak Hebrew or some other "natural tongue." They did not however. Sanscrit is perhaps the oldest.

M. D., (Carroll, Md.)—Here is a young lady who having two lovers asks us to advise her which to choose, without giving us any further information on the subject. She must know, if she stops to reflect, it is quite impossible for us to do so. How can we know her requirements, or their qualifications? Besides, a lady must, in the nature of things, decide such a question herself. Love is a purely personal matter, and no part of its prerogatives can be delegated to a third person.

LEDGER, (Phila., Pa.)—The President has no title whatever. He is not "Honorable," like the members of Congress or State Senators and Judges of the Superior and Inferior Courts; he is not "His Excellency," like Governors and Ambassadors. He is simply "The President." This is not a matter of usage, but it has been settled by Congress. A proposition was made to give an official title to the President, and the one that was received with the most favor was "His Highness the President of the United States and the Protector of their Liberties." But after discussion it was decided that the title should be "The President."

FIRE, (Humboldt, Cal.)—Herman Cortes, when he entered Mexico, had a force of between 477 and 700 men, only thirteen of whom were musketeers, while only ten field pieces and two or three smaller pieces of cannon, were all the means at Cortes' disposal when, in 1519, he landed to effect the conquest of Mexico. When he founded Vera Cruz and burnt his ships so that his soldiers could not return, his force was reduced to 400 men on foot and 15 horses. To these he added some dissatisfied Indians and marched against Montezuma.

RICHELIEU, (Burnet, Tex.)—Tarring and feathering appears to be a European invention. One of Richard Coeur-de-Lion's ordinances for seamen was, "That if any man were taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known for a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land, be put forth of the company to seek his adventures, without all hope of return to his fellows."

JULIA B., (Delaware, N. Y.)—Extreme sensitiveness is natural to young men, indeed to all very young people, who are selfish, egotistical, and raw. In your case, the proverb "speech is silver, silence is golden," is worth diamonds. Look upon the earnest, egotistical, troublesome, loving young heart with pity; don't answer his angry words; count fifty at least before you reply, and when you do so let a soft answer turn away his wrath; for a lover's anger is like fire in straw, very fierce, but soon out. When his heart begins to understand this higher and nobler kind of love, his love will grow purer and better for it.

WESLEY, (Wright, Mo.)—It was about the year 1766 that the first Methodist society in America was formed in the city of New York—up to that time no formal attempt had been made to introduce that form of worship here—when a number of Irish emigrants, one of whom was a lay preacher of Methodism, came to that city and set up public worship, first in a private house and afterwards in a rigging loft. Growing, by degrees, from this humble beginning, a lot of ground was procured on a slight eminence to the east of Broadway, called Golden Hill, and on this a modern building was erected from funds privately donated, together with a small sum sent by Mr. Wesley from England. The building was finished in the autumn of 1768.